

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

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CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Madame Bodda Pyne (Miss Louisa Pyne), Mdlle. Gondi, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, Overtures "Zampa" and "Masaniello," Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," &c.

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MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing **RANDEGGER'S** admired Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Miss Zimmermann's First Soirée Musicale, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Tuesday, March 9th.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF, MR. VERNON RIGBY, and **MR. MAYBRICK** will sing **RANDEGGER'S** popular Trio, "1 NAVIGANT" ("The Mariners"), at Birmingham, March 4th.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing **BRINLEY RICHARDS'S** new song, "THE CAMBRIAN PLUME," at the St. David's Festival, at Cheltenham, on Monday, March 1st.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS (Tenor) requests that all letters relative to Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts be sent to his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

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THE CHORAL SOCIETIES DIRECTORY FOR 1869.

A circular and printed form for information have been sent to the Secretary of every known Society throughout the Kingdom. Those Secretaries who have not received the form are respectfully requested to communicate with the undersigned, without delay, when they shall be at once supplied. The publishers of the "Directory" beg to remind the various Societies that the completeness and consequent value of the work must depend entirely upon the amount of information forwarded by the Secretaries, as it is impossible to obtain it from any other source.

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The Music composed and dedicated to Miss MARIA WHITEHOUSE by
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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concert programme of Saturday week was as subjoined:—

Overture and incidental music in Goethe's drama, <i>Egmont</i>	Beethoven.
Recit. and air, "Instant conduct them" (<i>Susanna</i>)	Handel.
Cradle song, "Peacefully slumber"	Randegger.
Ballet air in G, No. 8, <i>Rosamunde</i>	Schubert.
Serenade, "When the evening bells"	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Carnaval Romain"	Berlioz.

The many amateurs who make a weekly pilgrimage to Sydenham must have hailed the production of Beethoven's splendid *Egmont* music. Familiar enough with the overture—as dramatic a prelude as any ever written—they too seldom have the chance of hearing the incidental music (*entr'actes*, &c.), which it is no exaggeration to call the *plus ultra* of tone-painting. Beethoven follows the drama through all its varied scenes—now martial, now amorous, now despairing, and now tragic, depicting each incident with the hand of a consummate master. The performance, under Mr. Manns, was exceptionally fine, the most striking point—if there were any difference—being the rendering of the *largo* played when Clara takes poison. In it each one engaged rose to the level of the music in hand—no light praise. The two airs were efficiently sung by Madame Rudersdorff, and the progress of the story detailed by Mr. Lin Rayne with considerable force. Mr. Cummings must be congratulated on his choice of Handel's very charming song, and not less upon the manner in which he sang it. Both the melody and accompaniments of "Chastity" are in the master's finest style, and we need not say that so good a Handelian singer as Mr. Cummings made the best of the song. Of a different character, but equally beautiful, Mendelssohn's serenade (from his charming opera, *Heimkehr*—which Mr. Manns might do worse than give entire as he did a much less genial work, viz., M. Gounod's *Reine de Sabas*) was heard from this accomplished gentleman with great pleasure. In this, also, indeed, he was irreproachable. Signor Randegger's "Cradle song" is a most effective and charming work, but it does not depend for acceptance upon muted strings, and a rare combination of instruments. The song is written with excellent taste, is admirably expressive, and fittingly simple. There are "Cradle" pieces many, but few so good as this. So thought the audience who, after hearing Madame Rudersdorff's capital rendering, demanded its repetition. The pianoforte accompaniment was well played by Mr. Oscar Beringer. Schubert's delicious ballet music, and Berlioz's immensely funny and immensely clever *Carnaval* overture were prominent features in a good concert.

The programme of Saturday last was the following:—

Symphony in C major (No. 6)	Mozart.
Recit. and air, "Oh, ruddier than the cherry"	Handel.
Air, "The Smiling Dawn" (<i>Jephtha</i>)	Handel.
Concerto for Pianoforte in A minor	R. Schumann.
Song, "I'm a roamer" (<i>Sea and Stranger</i>)	Mendelssohn.
Song, "In the Moonlight" and "A Spring Night"	R. Schumann.
Capriccio brillante in B minor Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"	Mendelssohn.

The autumn of 1783 was spent by Mozart at Salzburg, whither he had gone on a visit to his father. On the 27th of October he started back to Vienna, but halted at Linz, where a certain Count Thun showed much hospitality. A concert seems to have been hastily agreed upon, and as Mozart had no symphony in his portmanteau it was necessary to write one. Into this task he, to use an English equivalent for his own words, plunged "over head and ears," finishing it in four days. Biographers are generally agreed that the symphony thus written is the one named in last Saturday's programme, every other bearing a date which cannot be that of the Linz work. In all probability it was adapted to the resources of a provincial orchestra, since neither clarionets, flutes, nor trombones have any place in the score. But, if on a small scale, the work is full of beauty. The influence of Haydn is apparent throughout; though the *finale* presents a strong foreshadowing of the distinctive style which came with advancing years. This being so, we need hardly say that the *finale* is the finest movement. But all are excellent to a degree even for Mozart, who, perhaps, more than any other composer, united graceful fancy and imaginative power to the highest technical skill. The work was played with wonderful delicacy, and very warmly received. How Madame Schumann—who had an "ovation" on making her appearance—plays her late husband's only concerto we have had more than once to tell. Let us say again that she surmounts its great difficulties, and interprets its meaning as no one else can or ever will, for the simple reason that no one else is likely to bring to it such enthusiasm or such strong motives for perseverance. Schumann, as a composer for the piano, was the most fortunate of men when he married Clara Wieck the pianist. In her he has an interpreter who faithfully reflects his every shade of meaning, and if Schumann's music, as played by Schumann's widow, be condemned, the result must be due to weakness either in the judges or the thing judged. A discussion upon the merit of the A minor concerto would take up more time and space than we can afford. But we may observe, in brief, that each successive

hearing of the first two movements makes new beauties evident. We recognize in them a wealth of fancy, and a skillfulness of treatment which must go far to secure for the work as a whole a very high place. They are stamped with the seal of a master. On the other hand the *finale* appears to us laboured and unhappy—we had almost said ugly. It may be the reverse, but, at present, we confess an ability to see in it any genuine attraction. Madame Schumann was re-called after a splendid performance, which did the work all possible justice. Of Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* and the beautiful *Morrestille* overture we have, happily, no need to speak. They are admitted into the inner circle of everybody's affections, not less well loved than known. Both were admirably played. Miss Banks sang Handel's charming air (with the additional accompaniments by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan), and the two rather dull songs of Schumann (accompanied by Mr. Oscar Beringer) remarkably well; but Mr. Lander's rendering of "O ruddier than the cherry" was a conspicuous failure. Not only did the song appear to be beyond his vocal resources but also beyond his comprehension. In Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer" he did better.

We cannot close this notice without re-producing a note signed [G.] and inserted in the official programme:—

"With such beautiful compositions as this concerto and the songs included in the present programme before them, the admirers of Schumann can afford to disregard the vague charges levelled at his works; which, after all, amount to no more than this—that those who make the charges are unable or unwilling to recognize the beauties which to others are unmistakable and prominent. The amateurs of England who sing Schumann's songs and play his pianoforte pieces, and listen to his symphonies and chamber music, are now numbered by thousands, where only a few years since not tens had even heard his name, while the sale of his songs and pieces has increased in a like proportion, and is now very large. And why? But because they contain a style and a refinement and a beauty of their own which have gradually won them an audience—and that not the style or the beauty of Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, or Schubert, but of Schumann himself, who is as distinct from each and all of his predecessors as they are from one another. The opposition to any chance of performance of Schumann's music which is shown in some quarters, and the sneers and faint praise with which it is greeted in the same quarters when performed, are difficult to understand or to justify. It is surely desirable to enlarge the circle of our pleasures, to help us to an addition to the delights and glories of which the spirit of man is capable. If it is a good thing for the world that two blades of grass should grow where one grew before, it must be a still better thing to add another field to the domain of our spiritual life—a field, too, which those who have ventured into it know to be full of soft grass, and sweet streams, and whispering trees, and bright flowers, not less delightful than those on the other side of the hedge, though entirely different from them. And even if less beautiful, what then? Are no degrees permissible or desirable in mental enjoyment? Because we love Tennyson (or whoever else may be the favourite poet of the reader), are we not also to admire Shelley, Browning, Wordsworth, or Swinburne? Is the splendour and mass of Shakspeare to overwhelm and extinguish all his lesser brethren? And if not in poetry, why in music? Why are Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, and Schubert to be made to keep the ground to the absolute exclusion of all other composers? We, who ask for the admission of Schumann because we know what pleasure we have gained from his independence of thought and originality of expression, and desire that others should share in that pleasure—why are we to be stigmatized as 'Schumannites,' and misrepresented as if we were endeavouring to gain an exclusive place for him? If we are Schumannites we are also Beethovenites and Mendelssohnites. The exclusiveness is not with us but with our opponents; and those who introduce that ugly vice into music commit a crime, and not only a crime but a blunder, which is sure sooner or later to recoil on themselves. Meantime, we end as we began. Schumann has plenty to say; and those who will not listen to him have simply themselves to thank for a great loss which is wholly their own. "G."

We have nothing to say against this argument, because to a great extent it is such as we should ourselves use. Nevertheless, we are sorry the remarks quoted appear where they do, both on the score of policy and taste. A Crystal Palace concert programme ought not to become a polemic. Its mission is a very simple one—to supply facts about, and help to the understanding of, the pieces it contains. More is neither expected nor desired. But here we have the official mouth-piece of the managers hotly joining in a long-standing dispute. Henceforth, it would seem the patrons of the Saturday concerts who do not agree with their caterers are liable to a sound rating. That is our objection on the score of policy. As a matter of taste we demur to the spirit in which "G.'s" remarks seem to be written; their tone is full of acerbity. No doubt it is very aggravating to find people always disputing what seems to us incontestable. But there is such a thing as honest objection, and as such any objection not proved dishonest should be regarded. Moreover, in this special case, time must be given for the new thing to remove prejudice on the one hand and assert merit on the other. This, if it have the power; it will do, provided no over-zealous friends turn on the doubters and say—"You are unable or

unwilling to recognize beauties others can plainly see; you are introducing an ugly vice into music and committing a crime as well as a blunder." Such words are apt to settle the wavering mind into obstinate disbelief. As our readers know, we yield to nobody in admiration of the Crystal Palace Concerts, and of "G.'s" pleasant and interesting notes, but we deem it a matter of duty to make this protest.

THADDEUS EGG.

[Mr. Egg's protest against so manifest a dereliction of propriety as the note appended by "G." to his remarks on Schumann's concerto is so mild that it might be thought (by those unacquainted with Mr. Egg) that he did not very greatly disapprove. Nevertheless, the note is as objectionable as anything ever printed in the "Record of the Musical Union," by that archetype of literary bad taste, Mr. John Ella. To arraign critics, as not only blunderers, but criminals ("G." puts blunderers first), because they cannot conscientiously aid in the special propagandism of that of which the Crystal Palace concert-programmes have now for some years been made the furious agents is an offence against good manners. For what are the critics invited? Surely not to cry "Amen" to every sentence uttered by "G. G." and "A. M." If not, then, for what but to record their honest opinions? And if their honest opinions differ from the assumptions of "G. G." and "A. M." (after all, not universally recognized as our rulers), that Schumann deserves a place among the greatest masters of the musical art, at all events the frank expression of their opinions is not a crime. Does "G." know the actual signification of the word "crime?" It is to be hoped not. As for "blunder," the critics might retort, "*et tu quoque*."—A. S. S.]

"DIAPASON."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—Having recently had some opportunities of discussing the question of the adoption of the French pitch with many of the most eminent members of the musical profession, I venture to think it may be well that I should send you some kind of *résumé* of the opinions which have been thus unreservedly given to me. My object naturally is to incite as much of public attention as possible to the subject. Premising that the expediency of adopting some one "diapason" is universally recognized, I will proceed to set forth the opinions given by musicians representing various branches of their profession for and against the adoption of the French pitch.

We have, then, to consider the opinions of singers, and of those professors under whom they have studied; of composers of music, and of those who direct its performance; of performers on all instruments, whether stringed, of wind, or of percussion; and, lastly, of the manufacturers of all these instruments.

I have opinions from artists of eminence in all the above-named branches of the profession, and upon one point all seem to be agreed—viz., that the French pitch may be accepted, provided that the expense involved in its adoption can be met. As regards the question of expense, I will at present say no more than that I hope in a few weeks to be able to submit for general consideration a plan which I think will be satisfactory.

The rationale of the arguments I have heard *pro* and *con*. amounts to this:—Vocalists would be the gainers by the change. I have found no repugnance to the lower pitch on the part of altos, contraltos, or basses. Singing-masters would on this point coincide with singers. To composers, the establishment of a uniform pitch would, of course, be a great boon. As to conductors, I am inclined to think that those only who have had under their *soi-disant* control from twenty to sixty gentlemen (strictly amateurs), each with his own pet A, which, however, is too obligingly ready to abandon in favour of his neighbour's if it happen to be sharper, can know what a relief a "diapason normal" would be.

The next consideration is, how will the change affect our orchestras? I am assured that the *timbre* of the orchestras will not suffer. The violins, it is said, will lose something of a "brilliance" supposed to be characteristic of the English orchestra. My impression is that the brilliance is more to be attributed to the men behind the violins, and to the fiddles themselves, than to the pitch. Lower the pitch, and those same violins will speak out more richly for being able to carry heavier strings. These remarks will apply equally to violas and violoncelli, and in a measure to double-basses, though here I may be allowed a digression.

There is year by year engaged at Covent Garden Theatre a force of double-bass players probably unequalled in skill. Each of the gentlemen constituting this force has in his grasp an instrument mounted with three so-called strings, but better described as hawsers. In order to keep these strings in full vibration, a bow of great strength, and conveniently fitted to the grasp of the hand, is used, so that when a

"*sforzando*" is marked in the parts, there should be no difficulty of producing a sound like thunder. This is done frequently in *Don Giovanni*, and by those who like it it is called "rip." Is this, however, musical? Again, is it right to deprive a double-bass of its fourth string so as to make it necessary that the player should transpose half his music? What real lover of music can listen to a performance by an English orchestra of the overture *Meerestille* without a shudder? On the other hand, who can listen to the Crystal Palace orchestra without a pang of regret that Mr. Mauns' good example is not more followed?

To resume. Next in order of precedence come the flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, with their various offshoots. All these may be dismissed with the remark that they are now being used in all the French orchestras, and that for tone and finish they are not to be surpassed. The same may be said of all the family of brass instruments; and with respect to instruments of percussion, nothing but respect induces me to mention them at all in connection with this subject.

It would seem that there is a question as to whether organs in future will be increased in price if the lowered pitch is adopted; but there is not the time to discuss that question. My idea is that the change need not affect the price of these instruments. Certainly their tone will not suffer. The pianoforte, it is thought, will suffer in point of "brilliance." I do not share in this belief.

I think, Sir, that I have now communicated to you the chief points of the information which I have collected. I shall be glad if the publication of this letter should provoke further and better elucidations of the subject. I think, with many others, that the actual number of the vibrations is not so much the question as that we should be agreed as to a standard; for, this once established, it will be perfectly within the power of a conductor to say that he chooses to have his orchestra so much sharper or flatter than the standard pitch to suit the acoustical requirements of any particular music-room. I sincerely hope that while the iron is hot the effective blows will be struck, and that we shall not again be left pitch-dark.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,
8, Onslow Gardens, Feb. 10. SEYMOUR J. G. EGBERTON.

PITCH.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—The recognized heads of music in our country, such as Dr. Bennett, Mr. Goss, Mr. Cipriani Potter, Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. Benedict, Dr. Wesley, Signor Ardit, Mr. A. S. Sullivan, Mr. Costa, &c., have preserved an ominous silence upon this much-vexed question—a silence that, without going on the other side of the bush, may be construed into a silence of indifference or a silence of antagonism. Nevertheless, these professors, together with others that might be named, cannot but feel interested in the upshot. So that we may be assured not only that the discussion will be carried on, but that it will lead, however gradually, to the more or less complete realization of the object in contemplation.

The failure of new singers, arriving from abroad, with reputations which a single performance at one of our Italian Opera-houses sufficed to dispel in this country, has been on several occasions, reasonably enough attributed to the impediment thrown in the way of new comers by the fact of their having had to sing at least half a tone higher than they were accustomed to sing. Mr. Lefranc who appeared in *Guillaume Tell* at one house, and Miss Minnie Hauck who appeared in *La Sonnambula* at the other, are cases in point, and many others might be cited in reviewing the operatic history of the last quarter of a century. Whether, as has been urged, their music was in great part transposed for them is of little or no account, all who take note of such matters being aware that no one since Malibran has sung the *finale* of the *Sonnambula*, and no one since Rubini the tenor music of the *Sonnambula*, *Roberto Devereux*, *I Puritani*, &c., in the original keys, and on the other hand, that singers like Madame Gassier and Madame Bosio, the pitch notwithstanding, would frequently transpose their airs into higher keys, that Madame Grisi almost invariably sang the *cabalette* in "Casta Diva," the great airs of Donna Anna, &c., lower than they are written, that Rubini as invariably sang "Adelaide" in C, instead of B flat, that Madame Caradori Allan wished Mendelssohn to transpose the air, "Hear ye Israel" from B to A, which inasmuch as it would have entirely destroyed the connection of this piece with the chorus into which it merges ("Be not afraid") he warmly declined, and, not to mention other instances, that Mr. Sims Reeves himself has on more than one occasion, pitch notwithstanding, sung Beethoven's "Liederkreis" at the Monday Popular Concerts in E, instead of E flat. In truth, the transpositions of singers—and really Bellini, Donizetti, &c., would have been surprised, if not indignant at the various transpositions, high or low as it may happen, which have for years been made, un-made, and re-made in their operas—form no argument, depending as they do, in the majority of cases upon circumstances and conditions so capricious that to apply them theoretically is impossible.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
SIMON HALP.

CARLSRUHE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The first performance of *Die Meistersinger*, postponed on account of the refusal, or, according to some, inability from illness, of Herr Brandes, to sing the part of Walter von Stolzing, took place, contrary to general expectation, on the 5th inst., the management of the Royal Opera-house, Munich, having granted Herr Nachbar leave of absence, which they had at first denied him. The Grand-Duke, Grand-Duchess, and all their Court were present. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable, and the opera went very smoothly, as was only natural, seeing that it had seventy-two rehearsals, a most unusual number, at any rate in a German town. But the success was certainly not equal to that achieved by Herr R. Wagner's last work in Munich, Dresden, and Dessau. The first act left the audience perfectly cold; the cudgelling and fisticuffs in the second excited applause, but, had it not been for the third act, which pleased very much, the curtain would have descended on a failure. If the opera is to be retained in the bills, it will have to be very much curtailed.

AUS KÖLN.

(From our Original Correspondent.)

A very bad and unexpected event brought abruptly our operatical season to an end. On the night from the fifteenth to the sixteenth instant the *Stadt Theater* burned to the ground, and the manager, Herr Ernst lost the whole of his properties in a few hours. A frightful incident accompanied this terrible catastrophe. The cashier of Director Ernst, Herr Buckmann, a highly respectable Gentleman, who lived in a fourth floor in the front-part of the theater was surprised and surrounded by the flames, and perished together with his wife and five children, before any help could arrive on the place. The sensation produced upon the inhabitants of Cologne by the shocking end of this honorable family has been a very deep one, and never a greater or general sympathy has been shown towards a simple citizen as on this occasion. Out of the very first official Authorities of the town and many religious Corporations, Schools and military Bands, nearly a hundred private carriages, and over ten thousand people belonging to every social classes, accompanied the remains of the unhappy victims to the burying-ground on Saturday last. Great many Concerts and subscriptions have been already got up to help the chorists, the orchestra and all the working people concerned with the theater and consequently left without any occupation and support. A comité has been also brought together to promote as soon as possible the rebuilding of the opera-house on a larger scale.

The eighth Gurzenich Concert brought out two interesting novelties, some selections of a German Requiem by T. Brahms and a new Symphony in E flat by M. Bruch. These two eminent young composers follow a quite different path in their musical direction. Brahms seeks for effect into the eccentricity and surprise of the modulations, being often obliged to jump instead of walking to reach home again, on going back to the principal subject. Consequently, although not totally deprived of some inventive power, his music becomes oft incomprehensible to the generality of the public. The partitions in question, as far as an opinion can be given after a single hearing, seem to begin with inspiration, passing gradually into affected complication, and ending into a confusion. The choruses lack the beautiful polyphonic effects, which arise from the combination of the different *timbres* of Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass voices, so peculiar to Handel, Haydn, Mozart and others. The soprano part very badly written for the voice, dominates all through. The Bases lead the bark through the dangerous waves of the hard modulations, and the Tenors and Contraltos are obliged to fill up the remaining void. The four vocal parts melt only together in the *fortissimos*, just when the human voices lose the greatest part of their mellifluous charm, and are obliged to compete with the sonority of the orchestra. The instrumentation of Brahms is pretentious, without being original. M. Bruch on the contrary exerts always himself to be clear and unaffected, and therefore, although his new Symphony, with the exception of the *allegro finale* (which by the way is more like a work than a finale) does not show the same originality to be met with in other of his celebrated works, it was still more comprehensible for the public, and consequently better received than the new composition of Brahms.

As solo we had the ever welcome *Violin-Concerto* of Mendelssohn, capably played by our *Concertmeister* G. Gapha. The orchestra under Dr. Hiller was perfect as usual.—In great hurry yours faithfully
Cologne the 22d febr.

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MINNIE HAUCK.

Our readers will have in mind a romantic story first told in the *Paris Figaro*, according to which Miss Minnie Hauck rescued a certain M. Jerome from Indian vengeance and a railway train. The *New York Evening Mail* now professes to give correct details of the young singer's early years, which, if more truthful, are certainly less exciting. Our contemporary begins by referring to the *canard* originally published in *Figaro* :—

"Munchausen in his most brilliant hour never retailed a wilder fabrication. It will be remembered that after sketching the childhood of Minnie as that of a prodigy, it tells of her father's going out to Kansas, where he had as a neighbour, M. Leonard Jerome, a Northern man (rather!) That the Indians seized M. Jerome, laid him across a railway track, and how Minnie rushed among them, and rescued the Northern man by dragging him from the track, just as the approaching train was about to cut him up into very small pieces. And all this she did with her own fair hand, stabbing the Indians with her angry eyes. Then it told of M. Jerome's gratitude, of Minnie becoming his *protégé*, and of his building a theatre for her, and so on, swelling out the little romance charmingly. The railroad scene in *After Dark*, which he had heard of, no doubt, suggested to the *sou-a-liner* this romance for Minnie.

"We hope, if good can come out of this kind of thing, that Miss Hauck has felt the benefit of the tale in the quickened sympathies of her Parisian audiences. Whether the *Figaro* will accept the correct version or not, we are tempted to give our readers the benefit of a brief sketch of the true history of the young cantatrice.

"Minnie Hauck was born in this city; we won't say when, we never suggest the age of an unmarried lady; suffice it to say that Minnie is young and blooming. When she was about six years old, her parents moved to Providence, Rhode Island, where they lived for several years, then returned to New York. Owing to a misfortune on their return journey, they lost all the goods they had with them, arriving in the city very poor indeed. Mr. Hauck went bravely to work at his trade of upholstering, 'saving all earnings to the uttermost,' and ultimately getting enough money together to take his family to Kansas, then a territory, and towards which the tide of emigration had set in strongly. Here they remained but two years, as the health of Mrs. Hauck gave way rapidly, the climate being uncongenial. Before leaving Kansas, however, Minnie gave evidence of remarkable musical talent, and becoming the pet of musical friends there, received her first lessons from them. Up to this time she did not know a single note of music, yet sang readily every air sung in her presence. From Kansas the Haucks moved to New Orleans, where Mr. Hauck readily found employment. One day, while sitting singing at her father's door, Minnie was accosted by a gentleman named Cuerto, who was charmed by her sweet voice, and who, having made himself known to her father, offered to become her teacher. The offer was gladly accepted, and Minnie, for the first time, began to study vocal music scientifically. She soon began to sing in church, where her voice attracted much attention. She was then about fourteen years old. Her appreciative friends got up two concerts for her, which were admirably successful, and which enabled Minnie to help her good parents in their struggles in her own behalf. Advised by those who recognized Minnie's talent, Mr. Hauck concluded to return to New York once more, where it was believed that Minnie would have a better field, and where she might possibly obtain a position in the opera. He brought letters of recommendation to Max Maretzek, to whom he presented them, and with them his young daughter. By M. Maretzek she was introduced to Signor Errani, the well-known tenor and accomplished teacher, who at once took upon himself the task of educating the young lady, and did so with all the enthusiasm of his kindly nature. Had she been his own daughter he could not have been more devoted to her, more ambitious of her success. She studied hard, her father working persistently at his trade to sustain the family. After a year's study, Minnie was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Seguin, at whose residence she took a leading part in some pleasant entertainments, gotten up mainly on her account. At one of these, her singing and artless manner stirred the admiration of M. Leonard Jerome, and prompted him to aid the charming songstress in her studies. He thus became her patron, charmed by her sweet voice, not out of gratitude for the rescue of his life from the bellicose Indians and a worse railway train, as the *Figaro* Munchausen had it."

THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—A paragraph having appeared in various papers stating that I have taken the Adelphi Theatre, I beg to say there is not the slightest foundation for the report; moreover, I am quite certain my old friend, Mr. B. Webster, has no intention of letting his theatre or retiring from the stage.—I am, &c.
Surrey Theatre, Feb. 4.

R. SHEPHERD.

PESTH.—A gala performance took place at the National Theatre lately to celebrate the "Silver Wedding" of M. Erkel, the founder of Hungarian national opera, when his *Hunyadi Láslo* was played for the 177th time. The applause was, of course, very enthusiastic.

Shaber Silber Across the *Bœuf-Gras*.

If the French newspapers in any degree represented serious public opinion one might imagine that the *bœuf-gras* was a subject of exciting interest to the Parisians. Last week there were articles in the journals every day about him. Some announced that the procession of the fat ox, or rather of the fat oxen—for there are generally three to whom a prize for obesity is awarded—was already at an end; and that the ancient ceremony in honour of beef would this year be replaced by an emblematic show, in which flowers and the kindly fruits of the earth would play the most important part. Other journals (as is customary in the newspaper world) asserted just the contrary. Then there was a brisk discussion about the names of the oxen to be distinguished by a place in the show. The repeated suggestion of "M. Lecoq" was probably only an advertisement in disguise. The right of baptizing a *bœuf-gras* possesses a recognized commercial value, and may be purchased, like so many things which do not, at first sight, appear marketable. It has been thought worth while to get "M. Lecoq" introduced into the *revue* now performing at the Variétés, where he appears bodily on the stage, and his popularity would be still further increased if a *bœuf-gras* were named after him. "We know who General Prim is, and we have heard of Theodorus," people may say; "but who is this M. Lecoq? Evidently some one of great importance." For the information of those benighted persons who have not yet made M. Lecoq's acquaintance in the *feuilleton* of *Le Petit Journal*, we may mention that he is the hero of a novel recently published in that popular print. It is evident that the *bœuf-gras* has had, or has very nearly had, his day; and that a year or two hence he will be allowed to go to his death in peace, neither crowned with flowers, nor bedecked with ribbons, nor accompanied by the mocking serenades of a bad brass band. The Parisians are tired of him, and look upon the procession formed in his honour as an unmitigated nuisance. The procession of *le bœuf-gras*, is in fact, the Lord Mayor's show of Paris—though there is, of course, this difference between the two ceremonies—that in one the chief personage goes to eat, whereas in the other he goes to be eaten.

The end of the Carnival is supposed to have been at one time a very lively affair. Thousands of masqueraders made it a point of being in at the death, and the "*descente de la Courtille*" was the last amusing scene of a farce which, we are asked to believe, was amusing throughout. The "*descente de la Courtille*" is still supposed to take place, but a French journalist writing about it last year said that it only amounted to this: "One man dressed as a troubadour makes his appearance. A hundred thousand persons come out to look at him; the troubadour, very much scared, runs away; he is pursued, and the affair is at an end." If there is nothing else in the Carnival it is certain that Gavarri used to find plenty of fun in the masked balls of the Opera. But that was somewhere about the year 1830; and the latest caricatures suggested by the Opera balls (not that we class Gavarri's life-like drawings with caricatures) depict nothing but their unutterable dullness. In fact, the only lively people to be seen are those who are paid so much a night for being gay, and a few others who are simply intoxicated. Strauss's new quadrille, "*Les horreurs de la guerre*," with a choral accompaniment for 200 voices, or the new hunt quadrilles with passages for twenty horns (only twenty) may attract a few amateurs of noise; otherwise it is difficult to understand why people go to the ball of the Opera at all. They clearly find no amusement there; but perhaps they would be still more dull if they remained at home.

Shaber Silber.

GRESHAM COLLEGE LECTURES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As a recent notice in a morning paper is calculated to mislead public opinion in regard to the attendance at the Gresham College lectures, I beg, as one of the Professors, to correct that part of the statement, which reads as follows:—"The audiences at each lecture fell away in numbers, without manifestly increasing in respectability or intelligence." Replying on my own behalf only, I beg to state that this assertion, in my experience, is wholly without foundation. For the last four years I have been in the habit of delivering, on an average, twelve lectures a year, at each of which the audiences have numbered from five to seven hundred persons. So far from the falling-off in the annual attendance, of which mention is made, I find the steady increase of numbers generally fills up every available space long before the hour of commencement, and compels many to go away for want even of standing room.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY WYLD, Mus. D.

(Gresham Professor of Music).

Gresham College, Jan. 15.

THE trees planted at the last Norwich Festival by the Prince and Princess of Wales are still alive—thanks to the care with which they are guided night and day by the police.

THE SIMS REEVES CASE AT CHELTENHAM.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As agent for Mr. Reeves, and defendant in the above action, allow me to correct one or two errors which appeared in the paragraph in the *Times* of Monday. In the first place, Mr. Reeves was not "engaged to sing," as he gave the concert himself; consequently the statement that Mr. Reeves and party were engaged to sing for 100 guineas is totally wrong. The concert was announced by Sims Reeves, and given by him and no one else. Again, the statement that Mr. Reeves tore up the subpoena and said he would not appear is also perfectly untrue. As far as the case now stands, the present decision will not settle the matter, as a new trial will be moved for.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
Clifton, Feb. 28.
EDWARD HARRISON.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—May I request you to insert this letter in reference to a paragraph in the *Times* of Monday, the 22nd inst. (taken, I presume, from some country paper), purporting to be an account of what occurred in Cheltenham County Court upon the trial of "*Hodgson v. Harrison*?"

I have instructed my professional advisers to trace the paragraph in question to its origin, as I am informed by those present it is wholly inaccurate, and, as I am given to understand, proceeds from an interested quarter; but until I receive the shorthand notes (which I have written for) I abstain from comment.

So inaccurate is the report that even counsel for the plaintiff—by professional etiquette restrained from writing to public journals, except to correct gross misrepresentation—"distinctly denies" a statement attributed to him, and denies that he stated "anything of the kind," or that "any such statement was made by any person in his hearing."

So much for the report at present.

As regards the facts, I should observe that no subpoena was ever served upon me. A subpoena was served upon my man-servant, while I was professionally engaged at a concert in Birmingham. My address is well known, though, of course, professional engagements necessarily take me much from here, and for many weeks together; but that any difficulty existed in serving a subpoena upon me personally (if necessary), having the public engagements I have, and so prominently before the public as I am, is beneath notice or comment.

I never tore up the subpoena as alleged, which my servant, and not I, received; and since the newspaper report has appeared the subpoena, whole and undefaced, has been forwarded to Mr. Harrison.

I could not, and never for a moment would, entertain the slightest disrespect to the Court, or any proper authority, and I would have attended the trial, though in no way peculiarly interested in the result, had I been physically capable of doing so.

My medical advisers sent the following certificate, which is in accordance with the facts:—

"107, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W."

"I certify Mr. Sims Reeves is suffering from a severe cold and ulcerated sore throat, which have prevented him from singing in Scotland last week, and will prevent him singing for at least a week to come. I also certify that Mr. Reeves is confined to his house, and that it would be highly dangerous for him to leave it."

"Feb. 18th, 1869."

"C. D. F. PHILLIPS, M.D."

This certificate was read to the Court, but I am informed, acting upon the rule of receiving no evidence except *vivâ voce*, it held the certificate to be no legal evidence of the facts stated in it, and it felt there was no course open but to reject it.

The newspapers are pleased to report this as the Court disregarding the medical certificate of Dr. Phillips, as if the certificate of that gentleman, a gentleman of the highest professional reputation, rather than the manner in which the evidence contained in that certificate was tendered, was disregarded.

As regards the merits of "*Hodgson v. Harrison*" I wish to make no remarks. I was, unfortunately, unable to sing on the occasion which gave rise to that trial; but at the same time I shall be obliged by your giving publicity to the following extract from my Cheltenham medical attendant's letter:—

"December 17, 3-4 p.m.—Saw Mr. Reeves at the Plough Hotel. He was suffering from cough, hoarseness, weakness of voice, and general indisposition. Found the inside of the throat red, relaxed, and congested (that is, the minute bloodvessels were enlarged), want of tone in pulse and heart, and debility of digestive organs. He was quite unable to use his voice. I prescribed remedies which I hoped might afford some speedy relief. I directed their application by the druggist."—This medical testimony needs no comment from

Yours truly,

J. SIMS REEVES.

Grange Mount, Baulah Spa, Upper Norwood.

MISS KELLOGG.

The following extract from the *New York Times* will be read with interest by the admirers of the clever American *prima donna* :—

"That most charming artist is at present wandering round the villages of the West, giving as much delight as such dreary places are capable of absorbing. It is sad to think that one who was the joy of New York, who considerably captivated London, and who might even hang as a pet charm near the heart of Paris, should have fallen to such base uses. She has many of the personal attributes of Patti. She has the magnetism of a graceful *salon* presence which Patti has shown is more highly appreciated in the capital of Art than the grosser Italian and German personalities, however rich in swell and abundance of sound. She may not conceal, like Patti, under an apparent almost girlish playfulness and beautiful artlessness a very aged wisdom and a very cunning art, but she has a handsome compact brow, and all the air and manner of a *haute* *bolée* New-England lady, which, being most rarely met with on the stage, exercises a considerable charm. She has, too, a good deal of the spiritual Hawthornian expression, and is what the French style eminently *gentile*. And while, like Patti, her voice is not up to the strength of the grosser Italian *prima donnas*, it is more exquisitely cultivated, and capable of more astonishing musical gymnastics. With all of those qualities, full of delicate sensibilities, far more highly valued now in Paris than the stentorian Italian scream, she might have been made abroad a brilliant operatic success, and in this country a great one. We learn now that Miss Kellogg is doing well in Chicago, and we may conclude that under Mr. Maretzek's bâton her farewell appearances here will exhibit proper care and conscientiousness."

A GRACEFUL ACT.

Under this heading the *New York Evening Mail* tells of a certain Miss Abbott, who, gifted with a fine voice and a passionate love for music, resolved, though poor and unknown, upon a professional life. After leaving Milwaukee, her native place, and trying to find friends in various cities without success, she arrived at Toledo, where, says our contemporary,—

"She set herself at work among the city choristers, but found the same obstacle that thwarted her object in Chicago. Her voice was admired, but was of little value without the ability to read music. During the day she visited Whitney's music-house, sang several pieces which she had learned by ear, and made a highly favourable impression. Hearing that M. Strakosch's opera troupe, embracing Miss Kellogg, was in this city, she decided on her course. Visiting White's Hall while the concert was in progress, she found her way to M. Strakosch, in the ante-room, where it was arranged as soon as the audience had left she should have a hearing. Subsequently, Miss Kellogg and the troupe in front as auditors, she rehearsed several of her pieces, the execution of which electrified her appreciative audience, and elicited hearty applause. Following these were tests of her voice, all which she bore admirably. She was found to sustain herself well on the second B flat above, and on the C below, a range rarely found in even disciplined voices. The examination over, Miss Abbott repeated her history and purpose, and desired to know whether she was right. Miss Kellogg at once told her that she had a superb voice, well worthy of cultivation, which was earnestly endorsed by M. Strakosch. She told them of her want of means to obtain a musical education, and they told her that obstacle should not stand in her way. The result was that Miss Abbott was invited to a seat in Miss Kellogg's private carriage, and accompanied her to Oliver House, where it was decided that her 'friends in need' should furnish means for her journey to New York, with letters which would secure her the best advantages in pursuit of her ambition. The reader may imagine the joy which so sudden and complete a change caused in the heart of this persistent young lady, and we look with interest for the result in the life of our young western soprano."

GOTHA.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the reigning Duke's accession was celebrated at the Ducal Theatre by a representation of Gluck's *Orpheus*, in which Mdle. Nanitz, from Dresden, played the part of the hero. The Duke presented the fair artist with a magnificent bracelet.

MOSCOW.—The following was the programme of the seventh concert given by the Russian Musical Society: Overture to *Manfred*, K. Reinecke; "Russalka," for solo and female chorus, A. Rubinstein (the solo sung by Mdle. Sokoloff, from St. Petersburg); Piano-forte Concerto, Liszt; Songs, Schumann, and Rimsky-Korsakoff (vocalist, Mdle. Sokoloff); and Symphony, C major, Franz Schubert.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* was to have been produced this season, but has been postponed, as Mad. Alexandroff, who was to have sustained the principal female character, received orders to go to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of taking part in the operatic performances given there during this month and the next. Previously to her departure she sang, for the fiftieth time, in Glinka's opera, *Life for the Czar*.—A new Russian opera, *The Wogwode*, by M. Tschakowsky, is announced. M. Tschakowsky is a professor at the Conservatory of Music here.

REVIEW.

Complete School of Singing. By JOHN BARNETT. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

SINGING has hitherto been treated as an imitative art, and the works published upon the subject have, for the most part, been mere compilations of scales and solfeggi, heaped together without regard to form or classification, serving only to confuse the brains of those who studied from them, instead of clearly elucidating the subject, and affording a guide as well as a help. Those who have had the perseverance to wade through these "vocal tutors," have acquired no knowledge whatever of the science of singing, and when deprived of their instructors have been as little capable of singing with proper style, as they were before they began to study.

After having perused some dozens of these books, it is gratifying at length to meet with one that reduces the art to fixed principles, and enables a student (even without the aid of a preceptor) to apply those principles practically to whatever he sings.

Mr. John Barnett has just given to the world the result of a life's experience, in a treatise that may be considered a complete manual of vocalization. It embraces almost every possible requisite for a vocalist, and furnishes rules for the acquirement of style and execution, as well as the formation and cultivation of the voice; he completely exhausts the subject, and leaves absolutely nothing to treat of.

The work is divided into four parts, and is thus classified:—"Execution, Ornament, Style, and Solfeggi." These are treated separately, aided by copious exercises and examples, many of which are from the great masters. Each rule is succeeded by an exercise, intended to impress it upon the mind of the student.

In a notice like the present, it is impossible to enter into a detailed criticism upon such an important work, or to follow the author through all the intricacies of his subject. But we may state that he has taken a much wider range of the art of singing than most of his predecessors, and has opened altogether a new field to work upon; for example, there is a copious chapter upon the nature and treatment of the different classes of voice, an explanation of the *tempo rubato* and the *tremolo*, a clear definition of the recitative, an introduction to duet singing, a manual of "cadenzas," and an essay upon musical pronunciation.

Mr. Barnett is not satisfied with merely giving progressive studies for the execution of rapid passages, but he tells us how to master the difficulty; in many other works there is no lack of difficult passages, but the student is left to acquire them how he can. Mr. Barnett does not say merely "study these," but gives a method by which they may be attained. If our space admitted, we would willingly give some extracts from the ingenious methods he adopts to enable even unfixable voices to conquer technical difficulties. His mode for acquiring the turn and shake are extremely happy, new, and (we should say) successful.

The solfeggi are not only excellent specimens of vocalization, but are really beautiful as pieces of vocal music. Many of Bordogni's exercises are considered charming, but Mr. Barnett's have the advantage of scientific form and fine harmonic progressions, not found in Bordogni's. The book should not only be in the hands of all amateurs, but we strongly recommend it to all those professors of singing who do not publish books of their own.

We cordially congratulate Mr. John Barnett upon having made a great stride towards the perfection of the vocal art.

MANNHEIM.—*Die Meistersinger* is in active rehearsal.

BRUSSELS.—The operas recently given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have been *L'Africaine*, *La Muette*, *Dinorah*, and *Cendrillon*. Great hopes were entertained that Rossini's work would do something towards retrieving the fortune of the Theatre, but they were doomed to be signally disappointed. The very first performance proved beyond a doubt that *Cendrillon* would not attract the public. Some blame the French translation of the book; others say that the artists were at fault, but all agree in one thing: that *Cendrillon* was not to the taste of the Brussels public.—Some short time since, M. Letellier informed the Municipal Council that it was his intention to resign immediately the management of the Theatre, having been induced to adopt this course in consequence of the losses he had sustained through the death of the Prince Royal, and other causes. This resolution was communicated to the artists of M. Letellier's company, together with a declaration that M. Letellier was prepared to pay up the arrears owing to them, on condition that they would consent to cancel their engagements. On the reception of this notification, the artists held a meeting, at which they decided that they would form a society, and carry on the Theatre for the remainder of the season themselves. This resolution was transmitted, the same evening, to M. Letellier, who then changed his mind, and informed the company that he would continue the management as heretofore, and thus the matter stands at present.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Again an excellent programme on Monday, the 15th inst.—one of the very best, in fact:—

PART I.			
Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, for two violins, viola, and violoncello	(MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, and Piatti)	Beethoven.	
Air, "Salve dimora caste e pura" (<i>Faust</i>), Mr. Vernon Rigby; violin	obbligato, Herr Joachim	Gounod.	
Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, for pianoforte alone (Mr. Hallé)	Beethoven.		
PART II.			
Trio in B flat (posthumous), for violin, viola, and violoncello (MM.	Joachim, H. Blagrove, and Piatti)	Schubert.	
Song, "Thou whom I vow'd to love" (Mr. V. Rigby)	Schubert.		
Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin (Mr. Charles Hallé and	Herr Joachim)	Mozart.	

Beethoven's quartet is one of the "trois miracles," as M. de Lenz calls them, written in 1806, and dedicated to Count, afterwards Prince Rasoumowski. The work and its companions were thus criticized by a leading musical paper (German) in 1807:—

"Three new quartets of Beethoven, very long, and very difficult arrest the attention of all connoisseurs. They are profoundly thoughtful, and written in an excellent manner, but they are not comprehensible by everybody."

This seems to us very half-hearted praise, but the critic was no doubt as much puzzled about Beethoven's genius as the rest of the world, and wrote timidly concerning what he only comprehended in part. Now, after a lapse of sixty years, words cannot be found strong enough to express the estimation in which these quartets are held. In another respect, too, times have changed with them. If not "comprehensible by everybody" a popular audience can be found, as at St. James's Hall, not only to listen with attention but with intelligence. The homage paid to Beethoven on Monday week by so enthusiastic a reception of his quartet reflected as much honour on those who gave as on him who received. Whether Beethoven culture will go on till the music of the composer's latest years is equally well understood we cannot pretend to say. This, however, is sure, that any music whatever, played so magnificently as was the E minor quartet (in the sublime *adagio*, Herr Joachim touched every heart), must, if it remain a mystery, be of the very deepest. A specimen of Beethoven's "third" manner (so called) was afforded in the A flat major sonata, one of the most distinctive and masterly of his works. We need not dilate upon the merits belonging to this composition. It (as well as its thirty predecessors, and the *sonata-testament*, "le dernier accent de cette lyre sans rivale"—again to quote M. Lenz) lies upon every piano, and no musical reader is likely to require teaching in regard to such music. Mr. Hallé played with his usual delicacy and refinement. We must object, however, with deference, to the tempo of the fugue, which was too slow, and somewhat altered the character of the movement. This apart we could thoroughly sympathize with the audience when they recalled the performer. Schubert's trio proved—as was expected—a remarkably interesting work. It has never yet been printed, and, for anything known to the contrary, was first played in public on Monday night. That it has been played at all thanks must be given to Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who unearthed it during a recent visit to Vienna, the birthplace of Schubert, and for years the grave of his works. The only trio the master is known to have written, it is appropriate and distinctive in character. Pleasant and genial throughout (as well as partaking largely of Schubert's never failing grace and refinement), it affords a strong contrast to most other things from the same hand. Can we account for this by stating that in 1817—the date of the trio—Rossini was charming all Vienna with his gorgeous melody, and that Schubert himself caught the infection, to which his two overtures in Italian style bear witness? The work was beautifully played, and received with the favour its composer is now able to command. Upon Mozart's familiar sonata there is no need to dwell, and it will suffice to mention that Mr. Vernon Rigby sang both his songs well, having in the first the co-operation of Herr Joachim, who honoured Gounod's violin *obbligato* as it never had been honoured before.

T. E.

HAMBURG.—A highly satisfactory performance of *Fidelio* was given recently at the Stadttheater, for the benefit of the *prima donna*, Mdlle. Schneider. According to report, Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, who has taken up her residence in this town, has a daughter, twelve years of age, who promises to become, at some future day, as celebrated a singer as her mother.

CASSEL.—According to the returns just issued by the Intendant-General, there were during the past year, at the Theatre Royal, 109 operatic performances, at which 44 different operas were given. The novelties were *L'Africaine* and *Lohengrin*. The last-named opera was prohibited by the ex-Elector. *Cosi fan Tutte* and *Fernand Cortez* are shortly to be revived.

TYROLESE SINGERS.

A party of seven singers, from the Zillerthal, who have appeared at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, as well as at Marlborough House, began a series of day performances, on Monday afternoon, in the smaller St. James's Hall—the hall reserved in the evening to the Christy Minstrels. They are all attired in the exceedingly picturesque costume of their native land, the four men, in their grey braided jackets, scarlet shirts, black knickerbockers, and quaintly-fashioned belts, having the advantage in this respect over the fair sex. But both men and women wear the tall black peaked hat, ornamented with flowers, which is the most distinguishing feature of the Tyrolese dress. They have decidedly good voices, and they sing with wonderful precision. Many, if not most, of the part-songs have the familiar *Jodel* refrain, and these were decidedly among the most effective; but in almost all the national melodies there was a strange wild charm, which evidently took the fancy of the audience. A large majority of the pieces in the programme had to be repeated, so highly were they relished; but it would be idle to recapitulate the unfamiliar English titles of songs which are utterly unknown. Among the most characteristic, however, may be mentioned the national song, "Schwarze Augen," in which all the singers took part. They were generally accompanied on the guitar, but two other instruments were introduced at the concert. One is the zither, an essentially national instrument, which of late years has been much adopted in Paris, and on which the "Wiener Ländler" were excellently played by Herr Margreiter. The other was the xylophone, the instrument made of pieces of wood laid across straws, which, at Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, some years ago, used to be operated upon by little Master Bonnay. The gigelira, as it is called by the Tyrolese, is a xylophone of somewhat simpler construction, and the waltz rapped out upon it was so much applauded that it had to be followed by a polka. One of the chief effects of the morning, unanticipated by the composer, was made in Herr Reichardt's ballad, "Thou art so near and yet so far." The song itself was sung in the original language, but when Herr Meickl came to the refrain, in which he was joined by all the others, he astonished his audience by breaking out into English, which was even much more wonderful than his German. The entertainment, as a whole, is welcome, if only because it reminds the tourist of delightful summer evenings, made sweeter by such music.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE first concert of the Schubert Society took place on Tuesday last, and went off very successfully. The first part of the programme consisted of a selection from Schubert's vocal and instrumental compositions. His trio (Op. 100) opened the concert, and was capitally played by Herr Schrällenholz (piano), Herr Ludwig (violin), and Herr Schubert (violoncello); the other instrumental pieces were "Rondeau Brillant" (Op. 70)—first time in London; Impromptu for piano alone and solo violoncello. The vocal part included "Ave Maria," "Sylvia," "Adieu," and "Wanderer." The instrumental pieces of the second part were, trio (Op. 1), Haydn; two solos (violin), for which Herr Ludwig (the talented pupil of Herr Joachim) earned well-deserved applause. The other members who appeared were Miss Hayes (so favourably spoken of some weeks since); Miss Royd, who was much applauded in R. D'Oyley Carter's song, "Come back to me," and H. Smart's duet, "When the wind blows" (sung with Mr. Kentchen, the new baritone); and Miss Darvell, whose rich contralto voice made an impression on the audience. The rooms were crowded, and Herr Schubert may be congratulated upon the success of his first concert for the season. The second concert, which takes place Tuesday, March 30th, will be devoted to the works of Spohr and Ferdinand Hiller.

HERR F. WAGNER's concert at the Hall, Store Street, on Monday evening last, 22nd inst., was well attended. The following artists appeared: Mesdames Lily Simester, Marie Leaford, Keltia, Lyndhurst, and Madame Montserrat, Messrs. Walter Reeves, Charles Arnold, Wagner, Kent, Grimson, and Willie Buck. Miss Lily Simester was very successful in her singing of Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," and Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," both of which were deservedly encoored. She also sang "Cherry ripe" in a very pleasing manner; Mr. Walter Reeves sang "Wake, Linda, Wake," and the "Stirrup Cup" in capital style; Herr Wagner's pianoforte and violoncello solos were well executed. Herr Lehmeier conducted very satisfactorily.

THE production of a new grand opera, by Mr. H. F. Henniker, R.A.M., will take place next month at Maidstone. It is in three acts, and is called *The Admiral's Daughter*. Miss Rose Hersee is engaged to sing the part of Bertha (the admiral's daughter). The cast also includes the names of Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Susan Pyne, and Mr. I. Distin. The band will be selected from the Royal Italian Opera orchestra.

PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—Speaking of *Le Nozze*, as performed at the Theatre Royal on the 15th inst., the *North British Daily Mail* says:—

"The cast of *Le Nozze di Figaro* last evening was in some points the same as that in March of last year. The Count and Countess were again represented respectively by Mr. Santley and Mdlle. Tietjens, and Mdlle. Sinico was again the Susannah. Signor Caravoglio, however, was replaced by Herr Formes as Figaro, and Madame Demerie-Lablache by Mdlle. Vanzini as Cherubino—both changes being for the better. Mdlle. Tietjens met with a flattering reception, and sang 'Porgi amor' in a manner which seemed to convince her admirers that indisposition had left but little trace of its presence. As Susannah, Mdlle. Sinico acquitted herself to admiration. In 'Crudel! perche,' and 'Sull'aria,' which she sung with Mr. Santley and Mdlle. Tietjens, even those artists must have felt that they had a coadjutor worthy of them. Of Mr. Santley we say that we have no desire to see a better Count Almaviva; and we might almost speak in similar terms of Herr Formes as Figaro, which was a masterly and enjoyable performance. The great basso has been long away from us, and we did hear rumours to the effect that he wasn't a bit his former self, &c. We are happy to record that these turn out 'weak inventions of good-natured friends.' There is a soupçon of wear in the upper notes certainly, but, granting that, Herr Formes seems about as capable of undertaking Figaro as ever he was. His acting was one of the most unctuous pieces of comic acting we ever witnessed. The recalls were frequent, and the performance was a genuine and complete success."

WOOLWICH.—A correspondent from this place has forwarded the subjoined communication:—

"An evening concert was given at the Town Hall on the 22nd inst., by Mr. John James (student of the Royal Academy of Music), assisted by Misses Whomes (R.A.M.) and Christian (R.A.M.); Miriam, the youthful pianist (who played Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* in E very creditably); Messrs. Chaplin Henry, and John Cheshire (harp). The ladies were very successful, and have evidently profited by their tuition in the Academy. Mr. James has a pleasing tenor voice, but his intonation is far inferior to his phrasing. Mr. Chaplin Henry, encored in 'Home-ward Bound,' substituted 'The Village Blacksmith.' Mr. John Cheshire gained two hearty encores for his solos ('Parish Alvars' Fairy dance,' and his own 'Fantasia on Irish and Scotch airs'), also accompanying Miss Whomes in his 'Ocean Spirit's Song,' which was pleasingly sung and much admired. Mr. Whomes conducted. The concert was well attended."

DUBLIN.—*Saunders' Newsletter*, of Feb. 23, writes as follows about Miss Emilie Glover's harp recitals in Dublin:—

"That the national instrument of Ireland, the harp, should be an object of interest to all classes is not a matter of surprise; but when its representative is a young lady of such acknowledged musical ability as Miss Emilie Glover, we feel more than ordinary gratification in the successful results which have been attained by the classical performances which take place at her residence weekly."

The Committee of the Institution for Idiots announce that the recent performance of Mrs. Robinson's cantata for the benefit of the institution was eminently successful. The result of its claims being so prominently brought before the public, was an increase to its funds of upwards of three hundred pounds.

Saunders' Newsletter (Feb. 23) says of Mr. Charles Hallé's late recital:—

"The programme included the names of Beethoven, Bach, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Heller, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. The characteristics of all these were made by Hallé to appear, as it were, in a mirror. All the pieces played by Mr. Hallé were applauded; but the audience were specially pleased with the minuet and rondo from Weber's sonata in A flat, and with the *Lieder* by Heller, the latter of which were encored. Very few persons left until the end of the recital."

In the same paper we also read as follows:—

"We are happy to perceive that the great and lovely *Stabat* of the immortal Rossini is to be again produced at the Exhibition Palace on next Thursday evening, for the benefit of the City of Dublin Hospital. In the absence of a band, Dr. Stewart will preside at the organ; and all we can say is that, from the masterly manner in which he accompanied the *Stabat Mater* on the last occasion, the want of an orchestra will be little felt. The concerted pieces will be most particularly looked to on the occasion, and the whole will be under the direction of Mr. Joseph Robinson."

LIVERPOOL.—The *Mercury* (10th inst.) speaks thus of the Philharmonic Concert given the preceding evening:—

"The programme was mixed, and combined the 'sublime and ridiculous'—the former being represented by Mozart's G minor symphony, and the latter by two of Virginia Gabriel's effusions. The list of artists and the merits of the leading items drew a large audience. Signor Piatti—the violoncello player of the day—is always welcome, and his appearance was the more enjoyable from the fact that he introduced a concerto, by Carl Eckert, never before played in this country. Without laying claim to great elaborateness, the *Concertstück* is a work of merit and originality. It was performed with Signor Piatti's wonted brilliancy and refinement, and elicited prolonged applause. Madame Sherrington and Madame Patey are too well known to require criticism. Mdlle. Alma is a very young vocalist, with much to learn and several promising points. As Mr. Nelson Varley was overweighed with accompaniment, little opportunity was afforded for hearing whether he had improved or otherwise. Mr. Patey sang with his usual vigour, and Mr. Benedict performed his varied work in a manner which left absolutely nothing to be desired."

Of the next concert (24th inst.) the *Courier* observes:—

"The programme consisted of Beethoven's Mass in C, and the two first divisions of Haydn's *Creation*, the soloists being Madame Rudersdorf, Mdlle. Angele, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. We regret to say that the performance of Beethoven's noble mass admittedly the finest work of the kind extant, was not such as to do credit to an institution that claims, with some degree of bumpiousness, to lead the musical taste of the town. The music from the *Creation* being much better known, was given in a very superior style. Mr. Thomas used his fine voice with considerable judgment and ability, but all these artists indulged in the habit of adding to the text. The accompaniments were given by the band with much point."

WINDSOR.—A correspondent writes thus:—

"The members of the Glee and Madrigal Union have given their third concert of the present season in the Town Hall. Madame Emmeline Cole made her second appearance in Windsor on the occasion and was received in all her songs with great favour. The audience would willingly have heard her repeat the songs, 'Sing not of the past,' and 'Thady O'Flynn,' but the fair artist could not be prevailed upon to do so, merely returning to bow her acknowledgments. The choristers of St. George's Chapel sang several pieces capitally, especially Greville's madrigal, 'The Bright Morning Star.'—Messrs. Roberts and Son have made arrangements with Madame Arabella Goddard to give a recital of pianoforte music on Monday evening in the Town Hall. Miss Annie Edmonds is to be the vocalist."

PLYMOUTH.—We abridge the following from the *Western Morning News* (4th inst.):—

"The Amateur Vocal Association, Mr. Arthur Cottman conductor, gave a concert last evening at St. James's Hall, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* being the chief feature. There was a large attendance. The chorus had been excellently drilled and there was not a hitch from first to last. Here and there the light and shade might have been more decided, but on the whole no conductor need have felt ashamed of such a choir. We must congratulate Mr. Cottman on his selection of a primo soprano, with a mezzo soprano and basso to match. Madame Lancia fully sustained her reputation as a charming singer. Miss Henderson is new to Plymouth, but when she again visits the town she will find that her singing of the cavatina, 'Fac ut portem' has not been forgotten. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang splendidly, as is his wont; his rendering of 'Pro peccatis' brought out alike his profoundest and his highest notes, and displayed the great flexibility of his voice. Mr. Thomas was clever and humorous in 'Large al factotum,' and secured a rapturous encore; Miss Henderson was highly successful in an air from the same opera, and Madame Lancia was loudly applauded in Auber's brilliant 'Or son solo.'

The Philharmonic Society of New York had an immense audience at its 181st concert on the 6th inst. Herr Ole Bull was presented with a service of plate by the society and with an emerald ring by Edwin Booth. The next concert is on the 6th of March, and its first rehearsal on Feb. 19th. Schumann's symphony in D minor, three parts of Bach's *Suite*, and Mendelssohn's *Melusine* overture are underscored.

Miss NETTIE STERLING's return to New York is anxiously awaited by church choir managers, who desire to engage her for their first-class quartets. One is said to have already put in a bid of 1,000 dollars per annum, for that priceless—contralto—jewel, and if he obtained it, Murray Hill's summit will be as great a Mecca for music-loving pilgrims to worship in, as Dr. Adam's ever was during her abiding therein.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SIXTH MORNING PERFORMANCE,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), FEBRUARY 27TH, 1869.

To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

- QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Sleep, thou infant angel"—Miss BANKS Glinka.
a KREISLERIANA, Op. 16, No. 2 }
b SKIZZE, Op. 58, No. 4 } for Pianoforte alone Schumann.
c GRILLEN, Op. 12 Madame SCHUMANN.
SONATA, in A major, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor PIATTI Boccherini.
SONGS {"The Shepherd's Lay"} Miss BANKS Mendelssohn.
{"The Slumber Song"}
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI Beethoven.
CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

TWENTIETH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 1st, 1869.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

- QUARTET, in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY Handel.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN Beethoven.

PART II.

- CHACONNE, for Violin alone—Herr JOACHIM Bach.
ROMANCES {"La folle de St. Joseph"} Meyerbeer.
{"Console toi"}
Madame SAINTON-DOLBY.
SONATA, in D major, Op. 58, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN and Signor PIATTI Mendelssohn.
CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDO de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclos, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Baugin, dit le Petit Angerin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR.—Sir George Smart died on Saturday, Feb. 23, 1867, aged 90. He was uncle, not father, to Mr. Henry Smart, our eminent organist and composer.

GAMMA.—The Committee of the Society of Arts on Musical Education consists of the Prince of Wales, K.G., Chairman; Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, M.P.; Lord Gerald Fitzgerald; Sir John P. Boileau, Bart.; Sir John Harrington, Bart.; Sir Francis Sandford; R. K. Bowley; Edgar A. Bowring, C.B.; Harry Chester; Henry Cole, C.B.; Captain Donnelly, R.E.; Herbert Fisher; William Hawes, Chairman of Council; R. E. Puttick; Samuel Redgrave; and Colonel Scott, R.E.; with power to arrange for a deputation to confer with Her Majesty's Government.

DILETTANTE.—The first concert of Mr. Barnby's Choir took place at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, May 23rd, 1867. Mendelssohn's eight-part unaccompanied psalm, "Judge me, O God," was in the programme. "Dilettante" has won his bet.

WIDE-AWAKE.—"Abstract sublimity" is quite enough to incline us to agree with our correspondent that the two are one and the same.

DEATH.

On the 16th inst., aged 42, WILLIAM MINASI, youngest son of the late JAMES MINASI, the celebrated pen-and-ink artist, and nephew of the late Henry Swinburne Minasi, his Sicilian Majesty's Consul-general. Mr. William Minasi was brother to the late Antonio Minasi, the talented flautist, and to Signor Carlo Minasi.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

CLEARING UP.

OUR prayer for light has been answered in part—that is to say, so far as operatic prospects are concerned. The "pitch darkness"—to borrow a pun from one of the numerous letter-writers on that unhappy subject—remains as great as ever. "No cheering ray" shows itself there, and how we all shall get out of the mess would puzzle the prophetic soul of Zadkiel himself. But, looking towards the Opera, we can dimly discern something. The mists that whilom shrouded Covent Garden and the Haymarket have partially cleared away, and it is possible to make out the hand of each director grasped in that of the other. There can be no mistake: the Mapleson-Gye alliance is an accomplished fact. So much of knowledge is worth something, because by its help we can obtain more. It is evident, for example, that Italian Opera in London during this season, at least, will be a monopoly;—that, in all probability, only one house will be opened, and that, at any rate, both houses will not be used at the same time. Different people will view this state of things with different feelings. On the one hand some, believing that union will bring strength, may look for performances by the *élite* of two companies such as could never be given under different circumstances. Combined energy and resources, they may imagine, will produce greater results than division. But, on the other hand, some will be found to urge that the absence of rivalry leads to inertness, and that, having the field wholly to themselves, the newly-allied directors will care nothing for an opera-going public with no choice but to go to them or to stay at home. How far either party are right we shall not pretend to say, preferring that the event should speak for itself. We shall, however, watch the unity experiment with interest. If the optimists be right—well; if wrong, no doubt some Marcus Curtius will be found ready to sacrifice himself that the cause may be saved.

One regrettable thing, at least, has come out of the changes made. Mr. Costa, according to his own published announcement, has been forced by circumstances to abandon the place so long and so well filled. Without in the least disparaging the new conductor, whoever he may be, we say that this step involves a serious loss to Italian opera. Mr. Costa's name and position carry with them a prestige nothing else can supply, while his talents and long experience are of the extremest value. Every opera-goer will regret that the new order of things cannot be made to agree with the retention of one whose co-operation is looked upon as a guarantee of highest musical excellence. A more inauspicious event for the season than Mr. Costa's retirement can hardly be imagined. But this is not all. Rumour says, with what truth a few days will decide, that the splendid orchestra of Covent Garden is to be

in effect broken up. There would seem a fitness in the dispersion of the band after the leader has gone; but we hope, for the sake of a number of excellent English musicians, that their services will be retained. The directors would do well to use their power in gentle fashion. By dealing liberally with those who have so long gratified the public, they will go far to earn public sympathy for themselves, a thing which not even monopolists can afford to despise.

The following letter appeared in the *Morning Post* and *Daily News* of Saturday, the 20th inst. :—

"To the Editor of the 'Daily News.'

"Sir,—My attention has been called to a paragraph, appearing in an evening paper on Thursday, that I had resigned my position of director of the Opera, I deem it necessary, in justice to myself and to prevent any misconception, to say that the statement referred to is altogether inaccurate. I have not resigned the position I held as conductor, but I have declined an engagement offered me for the ensuing season, because it differed in several essential respects from the terms which have subsisted for many years. The most material difference was that it was sought to deprive me of the independent control which I have so long exercised in the selection and direction of the orchestra and chorus. Though reluctant to trespass on your space, I deem it necessary, in order to avoid any misconception, and to keep myself right with the public, to make this communication, which I trust you will find it convenient to insert in an early number of your journal.—I am, &c.,

"M. Costa.

"59, Eccleston Square, Feb. 19."

To the foregoing the editor of the *Morning Post* appends the subjoined remarks :—

"Mr. Costa's letter establishes a distinction without a difference. We stated on Thursday that he had 'resigned his office as conductor.' He corrects us by asserting that he 'has declined an engagement for the ensuing season.' The two statements, it is to be lamented, are identical in the main fact, that the public are to lose the services in the ensuing season of the most popular and distinguished conductor that ever wielded a bâton."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The works in connection with the re-building of Her Majesty's Theatre, commenced in June last, are rapidly approaching completion. From the short time which has elapsed since the removal of the old foundation, it has been supposed impossible that the Messrs. Trollope would be able to comply with the terms of their contract in the completion of the Theatre at Easter. Nevertheless the works are so advanced that there is no doubt of the date being adhered to. The period of re-opening depends upon Mr. Mapleson. The auditorium will accommodate about the same number as the old house, and the stage will be considerably deeper. The dimensions are:—Height from pit floor to ceiling, 63 feet; height from the stage to the roof over it, 70 feet; height of basement under the stage, 24 feet; length from back of stage to curtain, 52 feet 3 inches; length from curtain to front of boxes in centre, 70 feet; and diameter of curves of boxes on pit tier, 56 feet. The proscenium is 40 feet in width and 36 feet in height, and the style of decoration will be of a simple Italian character.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A "Student's concert" was given at the Royal Academy Rooms, on Thursday evening, which deserves a longer notice than we are now able to give it. Several interesting compositions were given with effect by the students and others connected with the institution. Among the vocalists we cannot help noticing especially Miss Ferrari, whose singing (for the first time in public) of Mozart's "Non temer" was remarkable for purity of style and perfect execution. The fair vocalist was ably assisted by Miss Jessie Ferrari, who played the difficult and beautiful *obbligato* pianoforte accompaniment like a true artist. The rooms were filled by the friends and members of the institution.

LETTERS.—Herr Raymund Dreychock died on the 6th inst., after a long and painful illness. He was born, in 1824, at Zack. He studied under Pixis, and, since 1840, was a professor in the Conservatory of Music in this town.—Herr Laube's management is full of promise for the frequenters of the Theatre. Madame Peschka-Leutner remains, despite the offers made to her from Berlin. Herr Joseph Schild has been prevailed upon to leave the Royal Opera-house, Dresden, and accept an engagement here, at a yearly salary of three thousand five hundred thalers, and several months' leave of absence annually, while Mdle. Bertha Chun, from the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, will appear for a limited number of nights.

"HE IS A MAN."

(From "Punch.")

Punch is indebted to the *Musical World* for calling his attention to the following bit of keenness and justice. He did not see, at first, what the topic had to do with music, but on second thoughts, the wisdom of the editor of the *Musical World* in extracting the passage became evident—those who praise such trash as Mr. Whitman's perform on the instrument called fiddle-faddle, which the *Musical World* has of course a write to criticize :—

"The New York *Weekly Review*, discoursing upon the *Atlantic Monthly* says :—

"In another part of the same magazine, the reader is told that whenever Mr. Walt Whitman speaks, 'you hear the voice of a man.' The fact that Mr. Whitman is a 'man' ought to be pretty well understood by this time, considering the strenuous emphasis and minute particularity with which Mr. Whitman himself has described his physical attributes, to say nothing of the stress which his critical admirers have laid upon his virility. Could it not be agreed, all round, once for all, that Mr. Whitman is 'a man,' and a very large and heavy one, so that the topic may be set at rest? Its disappearance from the field of literary discussion would be a great relief. The statement that Mr. Whitman is a poet, would still remain for controversy, and surely that is sufficiently exasperating, in view of the copious catalogues, suggestive of nothing so much as a crazy auctioneer, which Mr. Whitman continues to publish under the name of poetry."

If the *M. W.* sees any more such good bits, we shall be glad to read them in its pages, which we observe have lately become replete with a serener wisdom than of yore. Perhaps Fantagruel was a little over the heads of the majority of musical folks. Still, *Punch* hopes it will occasionally lend the good service due from all educational journals towards demolishing shams, whereof there is no greater than Mr. Whitman—we say it, even at the risk of bringing on an American War.

To G***t M***b**.

I am W***t M***b**n. You are an idiot.

O intellectual ingurgitations of creeds :—

To such I am antiseptic.

I met a man. Where? In a gutter.

We were at once friends.

O homogeneities of contemporaneous antioxdromachy!

He would try to stand on his head. O divinely-crapulent hysteroproteron!—

"Our meeting," he said, "is a palingenesis of Paradise; hast thou, O Philadelphian, hast thou eighteen-pence?"

I embraced him—I wept. I have it not, I shrieked—or—

Whom do I love? Whom do I admire?

Not two lounging in a carriage, but twelve bulging out of a cart.

I am not respectable. You are an idiot.

I am W***t M***b**n.

* * I detected you in *Punch*.

Tentiginous truculent teratologist!

I am alliterate.

I am,

W***t M***b**n.

COLONIAL.

CAPE TOWN.—A writer in the *Zuid Afrikaan*, after giving a very favourable account of a concert given by the Miranda-Harper company, in the Exchange, Jan. 12th observes :—

"The company has done much, very much already, towards improving the style of singing in this place. They have given those who before have not had opportunities of listening to professional vocalists from the leading opera-houses, some idea of the very great difference that exists in the style of executing a song by even good amateurs and the trained and finished artist. The residence of the Hirst-Harper and the Miranda-Harper Company here has had likewise this beneficial effect upon the taste of the community—it has enabled it to know what good songs our fair friends and singing bachelors could add, with safety, to their previous stock—and from these artists they could learn how to sing them. In an educational and social view, the liberal support of such a company becomes a matter for general consideration and encouragement. There is an eloquence, a style, to be obtained in music, as there is in reading and speechifying. To attain to excellence in delivery in either is always an object of ambition among the educated, the refined, the literate. There are styles of delivery that we all admire—that rivet us all—although they differ widely in their manner. Each is excellent. Each is an example. So too with the Miranda-Harper Company. They present varieties of style, varieties of excellencies, and each may be studied, and encouraged by the public, with advantage to both parties."

ENGLISH OPERA.

Paris, Italy, and Germany have their operas; but, alas! poor England is left to alien talent. For years no one has seemed inclined to support English artists, and hence English Opera has been neglected; and yet we know that we have abundance of talent amongst us, and were native talent fostered in this as in other countries, English Opera would soon be a permanent institution. Our readers will be delighted to hear that Mr. George Perren, our favourite tenor, has thrown down the gauntlet, which, no doubt, will be taken up by the public, and this country saved the disgrace of not having a National Opera. We feel assured that there are thousands who would gladly support such a venture, which is about to be made at one of the principal west-end theatres. We hear that several ladies and gentlemen will make their *début*, and if this be so, and the effort be worthily carried out, as we believe it will, we most heartily commend it to support, and cordially wish Mr. George Perren success in his endeavours to resuscitate English Opera.—(Communicated.)

[Let us hope that, when the public have taken up Mr. Perren's gauntlet, the public and Mr. Perren won't fight.—Ed. M. W.]

MR. ELLA'S "MUSICAL SKETCHES."*

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Feb. 25.)

In the first seventy pages of this book Mr. Ella uses the first personal pronoun 100 times. The author must therefore have done violence to his modesty by publication. But Mr. Ella did not seek the honours of a bookmaker. They were thrust upon him. On page 62 we read:—"Scarcely a week passes without applications being made for complete sets of the Musical Union 'Records,'" and in the preface Mr. Ella states that his volume is an attempt to satisfy such demands. The uninitiated reader may ask, "What are the 'Records,' and why do people seek them?" We can answer the first part of the question. The Musical Union "Records" are the programmes of Musical Union *matinées*, and each contains a "synoptical analysis," headed by two quotations from the French. Mr. Ella writes this analysis himself, happily atoning for a technicality he cannot avoid by a style peculiarly his own. It is interesting to read that "episodical matter gently subsides into delicate imagery too ethereal for analysis," and that a certain theme depicts "the most harrowing sentiment of faded hope;" but Mr. Ella, as though not content with the effect of passages like these, adds to each number short sketches of musical men and things. From the latter he has compiled his volume, selecting for the most part "Records" now out of print. We wonder how it is the "synoptical analyses" do not also appear. Clearly Mr. Ella attaches a certain value to them, because, writing to his "dear prince," Czartoryski, he says: "I beg to offer it (the Vienna Conservatoire) a volume of my 'Analysis of Chamber Music' and the sum of 100 florins, to be presented to the pupil who shall obtain the first violin prize during the coming year." But Mr. Ella may have reason to know that the public who apply weekly for "Records" (and are able to read English), care little about the analyses, in which case there is nothing further to be said.

Some fifty quotations in various languages are scattered through the work by way of texts, but Pascal furnishes the motto-in-chief:—"Toute histoire qui n'est pas contemporaine est suspecte." Enforcing this in his preface, Mr. Ella refers to Homer and Troy, Herodotus and the Persian War, ancient Rome and its historians, Solomon's Temple and Mr. Mainzer, a "circle of Hungarians" and the "Record." Without intending it, however, he gives the best illustration of his motto in the body of the work, where we are told Mozart lived only one year longer than Schubert, and that the most enduring music of Rossini and Mendelssohn was written before marriage. At least these examples of history, not contemporary, are to be suspected. In excuse, Mr. Ella would probably say, using his much loved Latin, "*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*;" but we can readily forgive inaccuracies, and even sins against grammar like that on page 161 (where it is said that a "Quartet of vocal parts . . . are never satisfactorily sung") on account of the author's style.

The English of the analyses is also that of the sketches. Here are one or two examples. Illustrating the text, "*Heureux celui que la nature a doué d'une profonde sensibilité*," Mr. Ella says: "Ears trained to the exclusive appreciation of one style of music and playing are apt to prejudice persons in the admiration of a false standard of the *beau idéal*." And, with reference to one of Cherubini's overtures, we are told, "there is no more striking effect of powerful imagination suggestive of the darkest imagery of tragic incidents." In the same overture

Mr. Ella points out likewise "powerful unisons in a grand figure of a vague character reposing on a deep pedal note." Remarks like these abound, and, for the sake of their effect upon himself, the reader is willing to overlook much.

But Mr. Ella's book has other and even stronger recommendations. It gratifies curiosity on several points of interest, giving the reader, for example, a glimpse of the mysteries of the Musical Union, that arcanum into which "externs" can or could only penetrate after the ordeal of a personal introduction to the director. We see a cold and sleepy audience, but the way in which Mr. Ella explains these characteristics has our heartiest admiration. After quoting Horace:—" *Ut qui conducti plorant in funere*," &c., he says: "The audience at the Musical Union is even less demonstrative than is desirable, partly owing to the great preponderance of the female sex." This leaves a balance of frigidity unexplained, but Mr. Ella is equal to his task:—"Whilst the masses clamorously vent their feelings of delight with the music given at popular concerts, congenial to an incipient taste, the *dilettanti* at the Musical Union, . . . well instructed in the true principles of art, more dispassionately enjoy in the better order of compositions that gratification which springs from the depths of a cultivated intellect." In accounting for the sleepiness of his patrons, Mr. Ella is equally happy. He first quotes from Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters," and then goes on to say:—"The soothing influence of a slow pathetic piece of music on certain natures induces total abstraction and somnolency." Mr. Ella has seen men "listening with a placid smile of divine humanity beneath 'tired eyelids upon tired eyes,'" notably the late Mr. Bernal, who, "with his gentle spirit wearied by the political turbulence of the House of Commons" once dozed through the *Adagio* of Mozart's quartet in G minor. Henceforth let no Musical Unionist be soothed to total abstraction and somnolency who objects to the director making a sketch of him.

We learn, also, from Mr. Ella's book that "musicians of character and education have no reason to complain of their social position in England." As proof, the author brings forward his own case. He has been able to invite any number of distinguished artists to Cliefden House; has "partaken of the luxuries of the wealthy, and the privileges of the sport with the highest nobles;" has made "frequent and enjoyable visits to Hatfield Hall;" spent many happy days with a baronet on the banks of the Wye, and dined at the table of the Earl of Westmorland. In short, Mr. Ella has been the means of proving that if musicians of character and education are not admitted to the highest circles the fault is their own. After this we, of course, readily accept the anecdotes of eminent persons with which the book is enlivened, although in some cases they are *apropos* of nothing in particular. The point of a story about the late Duke of Wellington lies somewhere in the remark: "Capital concert, Warrender, but Ella has omitted two pieces." On another occasion, when Mr. Ella would have put the Duke's seat "beyond the prescribed boundary of the auditors," his grace interfered, quoting—

No song nor sound to a soldier's heart
Such pleasure is, or does impart,—

with a relevancy more obvious, we hope, to Mr. Ella than it is to us. At the end of a long story about a squire, whose offer to "mount" Mr. Ella was judiciously declined, we learn that the former preferred hunting to fiddling and fishing; and the climax of an episode in Rossini's life, which shows the *maestro* bored by a lady's extravagant praise, is the words, "*Madame, vous êtes bien aimable de m'encourager*." Mr. Ella, however, tells one good story about Dragonetti, whom he repeatedly calls "the Venetian patriarch of the *Contra Basso*," and a great many about himself, which, under the circumstances, are the most amusing of all. Taking a few of them in order, we find:—Mr. Ella witnesses to his own capacity:—"Judging of talents, *testis aurium*, I am rarely deceived." Mr. Ella's pianoforte is an expensive one:—"I told her that I had a pianoforte in London, an Erard, superior in every respect to all the pianos I had heard in Vienna. 'That I believe,' said she 'but what did it cost?' I bowed and was mute." Mr. Ella once benefited two famous people:—"Brought into contact with your musical friend," said Mrs. Jameson to Professor Owen, "both Thackeray and myself have also gained some of the secrets of his delightful art." Mr. Ella was well treated at Pesth:—"During the ten days I remained at Pesth and Buda I never had occasion to dine at my hotel." Mr. Ella has been a distinguished guest:—"In this exclusive circle (the dinner party of a noble Ancient Concert director) I remember having seen Sir Walter Scott, Moore and Rogers, the poets; Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the notable political, military, and naval lions of the day." Mr. Ella has been a distinguished host:—"Royalty and nobility crowded my room." And, lastly, Mr. Ella is favoured by a musical lion:—"I always enjoyed his (Costa's) acquaintance. This has now grown into an intimacy of mutual affection. As Cicero truthfully observes, '*Omnino amicitiae, corroboratis jam confirmatque et ingenuis, et etatibus, indicanda sunt*.'"

We may now leave Mr. Ella's narratives; his opinions cannot be

* *Musical Sketches, Abroad and at Home*. By John Ella, Founder and Director of the Musical Union, &c., &c. With original music by Mozart, Czerny, Graun, &c.; vocal cadenzas, and other musical illustrations. Vol. I. (London: Ridgway. 1869.)

discussed here, because we are not sure whether we exactly understand them. But enough has been said to prove that this book is among the most remarkable which the season has given us. Readers who love to be amused will await the remaining volume or volumes with interest. Should they turn out as good as the first, Mr. Ella may say with pride:—*"Ezegi monumentum are perennius."*

A TRIAD.*

A SKETCH.

It was a magnificent day in the year 1723, as three men strode sturdily forwards along the highroad from Saxony to Bohemia. The sun had not long risen from behind the wooded heights, and the fresh morning breeze still played round the tops of the trees, but the travellers applied their handkerchiefs (from time to time), to their foreheads for the purpose of wiping away the perspiration which was profusely beading out. What the morning promised was fulfilled by the day. Not the smallest cloud floated in the dead-blue heavens; the glowing rays of the sun darted downwards without let or hindrance; the bushes and flowers drooped with exhaustion; and so great was the heat that the air near the distant horizon seemed to be gently flickering to-and-fro. Every patch of shade, however small, was a boon, and when, at length, the road led the three gasping travellers into a splendid wood, they breathed again, as if newly born; their hats, as though, at the word of command, flew up into the air, and an enthusiastic cheer penetrated into the wood, which re-echoed with the sound. The thickly-leaved branches of giant beech-trees, impenetrable even for the fiercest rays of the sun, were twined together overhead, while the invigorating and fresh forest air, and the coolness of the temperature, doubly grateful after the burning atmosphere outside, attracted the wayfarers irresistibly to repose. It needed therefore only a slight hint from the eldest, who numbered, probably, some forty years, to direct his two companions, who were considerably his juniors, to a most inviting little spot under a mighty beech, on one side of their path.

Any one with the slightest eye for distinguishing men and the avocations to which they belonged, would have immediately recognized the three pedestrians as artists, especially the two youngest, whose rich hair fell unrestrained about their foreheads, and down their backs. The eldest of the three, who had attained the years of ripe discretion, had, it is true, yielded more to conventionalism. The barber's art and the powder-puff had been called in to render him smooth and presentable, but the fire of his eyes, the vivacity of his movements, and of his speech, savoured of anything but pedantry, and, when the three men, after a tolerably long rest, continued their journey, and launched forth into merry songs, it was he who always suggested fresh ones, ornamenting them with such artistic flourishes, that his companions frequently burst into the most boisterous laughter, and left off singing. Had it been possible for a person to doubt that any one but a musician could invent these mad, but, at the same time, perfectly correct flourishes, he might have been quite sure of the truth on the evening of that same day.

A number of people were seated under the monster, wide-spreading linden tree, of a by no means insignificant village on the Bohemian side of the frontier. Vehicles of all kinds filled the stable-yard of the village innkeeper, and others were drawn up in the street, while the passengers, who had arrived towards the end of the day, fatigued, jaded, and worn out by the heat, sat either alone, or in groups, as the case might be, on the primitive benches which had been collected at a moment's notice. Every class appeared to be represented, and the host, who frequently had not a traveller stopping at his house for days together, was at his wit's end to find hands to wait upon all his visitors. Everyone made enquiries about Prague. Everyone wanted to go to Prague, and the landlord, who had lived there a long time, gave everyone the required information. The conversation turned exclusively on this common goal, and on the approaching great event, to which all the travellers were flocking, so that the host remarked chucklingly to some acquaintances of his, who were gazing with curiosity at the bustle so unusual in their generally quiet village, he only wished that the Emperor Charles would be crowned King of Bohemia once or twice a year—that being the great event which was to come off at Prague within a few days, and for which the most extensive preparations had been going on for a long time.

On emerging from the wood, our three joyous travellers saw the village before them, and, though the sun had not yet set, they resolved to stop in such merry company, instead of proceeding further, for their destination was that of everyone else. After a great deal of trouble, they found a little vacant place, and pricked up their ears, as the sounds of music were suddenly audible. Some Bohemian musicians, who hoped to gain something worth having at Prague, had arrived, and

seized the opportunity of earning a trifle from the numerous great people among whom they had fallen, their purse being probably rather empty. The instruments were two fiddles, an oboe, and a lute. The performers executed, by no means badly, many well-known tunes, popular at the time, and, also, some Bohemian national songs. Their expectations, with regard to their little harvest, were not disappointed. A great many persons came up and surrounded them, everyone willingly contributing his mite. The three travelling companions had listened attentively like the rest, and had numerous remarks to make to each other. The lute-player, who went round to collect the money, was not a little taken aback when the eldest traveller laughingly gave him a bright ducat, saying that it was for the three of them. The man stammered in surprise, and was about to answer something, but the stranger cut him short by requesting in return the loan of his lute, since he, too, knew a little about that kind of thing. The persons standing near the spot looked on with curiosity, as the stranger took the instrument in his hand and tuned it; but when he commenced a short prelude, and then glided into the national song they had just heard, they all felt convinced that fingers endowed with rare mastery were touching the strings. A deep silence gradually spread over the crowd who had previously been so lively. They all surrounded the player, some getting upon the benches so as to see him. He, however, sat as though those about him had not been in existence; his large, dreamy eye was fixed on the glowing evening sky, while his fingers, as if unconsciously, now swept impetuously in boisterous passages and chords, and now glided in simple and moving melodies over the strings. When he concluded, when the last strains, gently dying away, had evaporated like a breath, many a beautiful eye was filled with tears and fixed with wonder on the expressive and radiant features of the stranger. The Bohemian musicians stood with timid respect before him; the lute-player scarcely ventured to touch his instrument, which, probably, he had never thought contained such tones; and even the player's own companions were dumb, and unable to proffer a word. But when a manifestation of applause was heard, at first very low, as though a desecration of the solemn silence, but afterwards growing into a perfect storm, the spell was broken, and the youngest, falling round the player's neck, exclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm, "Sylvio, you are, indeed, the first artist in the world; I never before heard you play like that, even upon your own artistic instrument." Gently smiling, Sylvio pushed him away, and merely pointed silently with his hand to the glowing evening red.

Who were the three? Who, above all, was the rare artist? No one knew him, and when, the next morning, the distinguished visitors set out one after the other, the three unknown companions had, according to the testimony of the innkeeper, long resumed their pilgrimage.

(To be continued.)

THE managing committee of the Newspaper Press Fund have appointed Saturday June 5th, for the anniversary dinner at Willis's Rooms. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the American Minister, is to preside.

THE Sultan has written a waltz, which, according to *Figaro*, is the only result as yet obtained of the civilized ideas which the commander of the faithful is supposed to have gathered during his European tour of 1867.

WHAT IS A SINGER?—A person with a rich musical voice, who can give an artistic rendering to any song he may attempt to sing. He should be able to impress his hearers, and rivet their attention no matter what his subject may be. If sad—then must he use pathos and tender feeling; if gay, he must himself be cheerful, joyous, and lively; if the strain be martial, he must also be martial in look, word, and action full of fire and brilliancy. He must be able to declaim in a clear and masterly style; too much attention cannot be paid to this, for if he merely sing in tune and the words are not heard, he but does that which any instrument is capable of. The soul of the singer must rise with every emergency, and if he be clever he will sway the minds of his hearers as the wind plays with the leaves. At one moment his audience will be roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, the next may see them melted even unto tears. But to achieve this he must lose sight of himself and for the time being become as it were the individual whose feelings he endeavours to portray; in short, he must feel and speak from the heart, and unless he does so his labours are thrown away. What wonderful effects are created by merely paying attention to light and shade, or *piano* and *forte*! One person with a capital voice shall sing a song without paying attention to the above, and ere it is finished it becomes monotonous and even painful to the ear. Another, with not nearly so good an organ will use it with judgment, one moment thrilling his hearers with soft plaintive utterings and anon electrifying them with his stirring denunciation. This, let it be remembered, is the secret of our greatest singers; there must be life, soul, and contrast. Having a fine voice and using these aids, he may attain the highest position as a singer; but without them he is poor indeed.—*Cottam's Advice to Young Singers.*

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Odd Thoughts.

L'Art Musical publishes the following definitions in its *Petit Dictionnaire Critique* :—

"*Harmony*.—The science of chords, about which the learned are always in discord.

"*Harmonium*.—A pretentious accordeon.

"*History of Music*.—A sea filled by M. Fétis with a multitude of canards.

"*Instrumentation*.—The art of combining artificial to the greatest prejudice of natural voices.

"*An Extemporist*.—A prodigy of memory.

"*Harmonist*.—Chords, always chords, nothing but chords, because the gift of melody has not to him been accorded."

Our interesting friend, the *Little Musical Gazette*, discourseth in his last number as follows :—

"Beethoven's 7. Symphony was performed—of course a highly intellectual treat to our music-loving community, and its execution was, as could not otherwise be expected, worthy of the 'Monumental City.' The concert was in every respect a perfect success, and the exquisite *horses de combat* as well as the delicate *coupe de grace*, with which the various selections were rendered, could only be appreciated by an audience familiar with the *abandon* and with the *excelsior messo di voci* of our able and justly admired conductor, who on this occasion wielded the baton with his usual *mezzo tinto* and all the verve of an experienced *impressario*. 'Brava, Maestro!'—'Bravo Orchestri!'—'brava tutti' let all the celebrated men of the old world combine, such as Verdi, Ferdinand Beyer, Wagner, Hüntner, or Rubinstein—they could not compare with our dear *maestro*, and the manner in which our institution rendered Beethoven's Overture to *Preciosi*, or Auber's selections from *Maaniella* would have done credit to Abbé Lizis himself. The thanks of our community are due to the intelligent managers also for the Aria from *Don Giovanni*, sung by Mr. Freedman and rendered in the most delectable way, with such *peccadillo* and *savior fare* as can hardly be found outside of this city."

Brava, *Little Musical Gazette*! mount again your "*horse de combat*."

—O—
WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has given pianoforte recitals during the present week at Stoke-upon-Trent, Oswestry, and Rugby, with the same success that has hitherto attended her unusually prolonged tour in the "provinces."

Herr Reinecke, at present conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, will visit London during the season, and play a pianoforte concerto at one of the Philharmonic Concerts. During his stay among us Herr Reinecke will be the guest of Professor Sterndale Bennett, at whose house he will reside.

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the *Times*, appeared in Wednesday's impression of that journal :—

"SIR.—This question of lowering the present pitch is, in my opinion, altogether one-sided. It belongs to vocalists alone, and has nothing whatever to do with instrumentalists. Indeed, to lower the present pitch will be, I think, to impair the beauty and brilliancy of tone of many wood wind instruments. However, change the pitch, and nearly every wind instrumentalist must buy a new instrument. His disadvantage, the vocalist's advantage. Cannot some generous arrangement be come to by directors of operas, concerts, etc., and vocalists engaged thereat, with wind instrumentalists (I mean at first among societies possessing or engaging large orchestras), and so try to compensate for the expense of a new instrument, an expense sometimes amounting to fifteen or twenty guineas? I hope, Sir, you will not deem this advocacy of mine for wind instrumentalists presumption, and remain yours obediently,

"JAMES WATERSON (Bandmaster, 1st Life Guards).
"Cavalry Barracks, Windsor."

As it is notorious that wind instruments and wind instrumentalists have been the main cause of the gradual rise in musical pitch, it seems rather cool on the part of a wind instrumentalist to ask singers to pay for the remedy. We suppose it is because singers get better remunerated. *Quid tum postea?*

M. Gounod was expected in Paris this week from Rome.

The nine masked balls at the Opera-house, Paris, have produced 160,000fr.

Signor Verdi has made some changes in the last act of *La Forza*, and is now superintending rehearsals of the opera in Milan.

The "Royal Original Christy Minstrels" continue their amusing performance of the *travestie* of the *Grande Duchesse* at St. George's Hall every evening.

The Pesara funeral ceremony in honour of Rossini is to take place in August. Cherubini's *Requiem* has been fixed upon for the occasion.

Portions of a new *Requiem* by Brahms, and the whole of a symphony, in E flat, by Max Bruch, have lately been performed at Cologne.

"Just before Miss Kellogg appeared at a concert in Chicago"—says a New York paper—"the violinist played 'The Camels are Coming.' The fair singer 'got her back up' elaborately."

The St. Petersburg victims of the *febres Paticca* have been giving 3,200 francs for a box and 600 francs for a stall. "These," says *Le Ménestrel*, "are the little insanities of fashion."

The anniversary dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians will take place at the Freemason's Tavern on Wednesday next. The Right Hon. Lord Stanley is to be the president of the day.

About a fortnight since, at Paris, Mlle. Bettini, one of M. Wartel's pupils, stopped short in a *roulade* during her lesson, sank down, and expired shortly after. She had just signed a lucrative engagement, and gave promise of a brilliant future.

Madame Miolan-Carvalho has refused to fulfil an engagement at the Brussels theatre in consequence of an epidemic (scarlet fever) in that town, which attacks women especially. A French court of law will be called upon to say whether the excuse is sufficient.

Le Ménestrel has got hold of the notion that we are about to lower our pitch a whole tone, in fact to "le diapason Hændel." "Un ton plus bas!" it exclaims. "Adieu la sonorité!" Let our contemporary control its feelings. We may go lower; who knows?

Some organists have made trial of the electric organ erected by Messrs. Bryce-on Brothers, and Co., in the church of St. Michael, Cornhill. The result was satisfactory, and little doubt can be entertained but that large organs will be made suitable to electric purposes.

Opera Bouffe has found its way to Havana, where a Spanish *troupe* is playing under the management of the composer Laztambide. The *prima donna* Zamacois and the tenor Prats are spoken of very highly, and it is even hinted that the company may be heard in New York.

The opera season in New York commenced on the 11th inst., with *Sicilian Vespers*, in which Signora Brignoli, Orlandini, and Antonucci appeared. *Norma*, with *La Grange* on Friday, and *Il Trovatore* at a Saturday *matinée*, were the announcements for the rest of the week.

"If you are a wise man"—says Shirley Brooks—"you will imitate the moon: treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool, and polished. But look at every side of the world."

The Hotel de Ville concert on Monday night last was as splendid as the balls which preceded this Lenten gaiety, and as crowded. *Du reste*, lovers of that method of killing the enemy must be satisfied that it has never been celebrated by a more abundant flow of vocal and instrumental music.

M. Christopoulos, the Minister of Public Instruction at Athens, has submitted a bill to the Greek Parliament for the creation of an institute like that of France. It is to be composed of four academies—viz., for Greek philology, physical and natural sciences, moral and political sciences, and the fine arts.

"It is understood," writes the *Morning Post*, Feb. 19, "that the joint performances of Italian opera by the companies of Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson will take place this season at Covent Garden, which will be open every night in the week. Signor Arditi is to be conductor." [A great deal more than here is conveyed is also understood.—A. S. S.]

Herr Ganz informs us that Mozart only added accompaniments for Van Swieten, of Vienna, to the *Messiah*, *Acis and Galatea*, and *Alexander's Feast*; but that Herr von Mosel, of Vienna, added accompaniments to several of Handel's oratorios, among them *Judas Maccabæus*. Lindpaintner and Ferdinand Hiller also filled up the score of *Judas Maccabæus*.

Mr. William Farren has just concluded an engagement at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool. His success in many of the parts especially identified with his father's name fully justifies his determination to confine himself principally to their exposition, together with those parts of strongly-marked individuality, of which John Drummond, in Mr. Byron's play of *Blow for Blow*, is a capital example.

We lately remarked that English plays were the rage in Paris. The *feuilletonistes* of the Parisian journals, who at first were acridly satirical on this manifestation of public taste, have changed their tone. In the new number of *La Guepe* we read :—

"Bravo Shakspeare! Le public de la Galté applaudit chaque soir *Hamlet* avec un ensemble qui est d'un excellent augure pour l'avenir. Si Shakspeare triomphe, adieu les fêries et les grosses parades! L'Art est savé."

A remarkable "sign of the times" was lately presented in the programme of some circus performances at Edinburgh. After the particulars relating to somebody's *troupe* of gymnasts and acrobats, we read:—

"Signor Luigi, the most brilliant amateur pianist extant, and pupil of Professor Hopper, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, will play, for this night only, No. 10, Beethoven's Sonata (edited by Charles Hallé)."

After the sonata came a "grand steeple-chase."

We take the subjoined from a well-known Parisian journal:—

"M. Fournier, director of the Porte St. Martin, having received anonymous letters stating that the theatre was undermined with gunpowder, and might be blown up at any moment, put himself in communication with the commissary of police, whereupon a search was made in the basement, and two men were found behind a warning apparatus. Unable to give an account of themselves or to explain what object they had in view, they were conveyed to the prefecture."

Mr. Aguilar's performances of pianoforte music continue as attractive as ever. The following is the programme of the last:—Sonata in C, Aguilar; "Christiana" (a dramatic and romantic piece), Aguilar; Caprice in B flat minor, Mendelssohn; Melody in F, Rubinstein; Impromptu in A flat, Chopin; *Sonata Appassionata*, Beethoven; *Lieder ohne Worte* (Book 6, Nos. 1 and 2), Mendelssohn; "Chi mi frena" (*Lucia*), Aguilar; "Moreau de salon," Rosenhain; "Fantasia on Faust," Aguilar.

Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has just concluded a series of concerts in the West of England. The *Western Daily Mercury*, of the 12th inst., says:—

"Mr. Roberts' harp solos were as delightful as ever, although he laboured under the great disadvantage of having had his own harp smashed on the railway between Penzance and Liskeard. It was only through the kindness of a lady of that town that he was able to obtain an instrument so as to fulfil his engagements at Liskeard, Redruth, Devonport, and Plymouth."

We (*New York Times*) are glad to see that Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer, the eminent pianist, has been received with much favour by the Bostonians. It is always a welcome and cheering thing to be received well by Bostonians. He played at Chickering's Hall, and has been highly praised in the papers—Boston papers mind you. The *Journal* says:—"He has complete mastery over the instrument, and brings out its varied effects in the most telling manner, both in music requiring grace, facility, and subtlety, and in that requiring manual strength."

The Welsh Liberal Banquet was held, on Wednesday evening, at the Freemason's Hall, Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. (in the unavoidable absence of the Home Secretary), in the chair. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Brinley Richards. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Watts, Mr. J. Parry, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, assisted by an efficient choir. The new National Anthem, "God bless the Prince of Wales," was capitally given and enthusiastically encored and repeated. The solo parts were sung by Miss Wynne and Miss Watts.

The *Pungolo* of Milan describes a calamity which occurred during a ball at the Prefecture of Binasco, now occupying the historical castle in which Beatrice di Tenda was tortured and put to death by her husband, Duke Filippo Visconti. A gallery in which the musicians were placed caught fire, as the ladder was removed, some jumped out and were injured, while those who remained were severely burnt. Of 20 in all, 16 had to be removed to an hospital; one has died, and others are in a critical state. The flames were extinguished without doing serious damage to the building.

In a Western (American) church some years ago, when singers occupied different sides of the gallery, a large choir started off with Wells on one side and Windham on the other. One of the tunes was in the major scale, the other in the minor. The pitch and rhythm corresponded, and the names of the tunes began with a W. That was all the resemblance. Discords were exorcising; yet both parties persevered. At length, between the stanzas, good Deacon P— exclaimed: "You will do better up there if you all get the same tune." "Sit down, sit down, deacon!" responded the pastor in a gentle manner. In his view, things were all right.

We (*New York Times*) learn that Madame Parepa-Rosa is so seriously indisposed that she has been compelled for the present to abandon her contemplated tour. Dr. N. R. Smith, of Baltimore, furnishes us with the following particulars:—

"For two weeks past Madame Parepa-Rosa has been under my care labouring under a severe attack of acute rheumatism. When she was first attacked it was supposed to be merely the effect of a sprain. The disease is always somewhat protracted, and completely disables the patient for a time. The cure, however, is usually complete, and she may hope to be perfectly well in some two weeks, and able to resume her professional duties."

The musical critics of Germany, France, and England may congratulate themselves on not being Italians. The Italian journal *Lombardia* tells a heart-rending story of a misadventure which befell the other evening one Dr. Filippo Filippi, a critic whose articles had given offence to the orchestra of La Scala. Seeing the formidable Filippo Filippi in the house—the *Huguenots* was to be performed that night and the doctor had been invited by the manager to "assist" at the representation—the band rose in a body and declared they would not play a note until Dr. Filippo Filippi left the theatre. The director was, it appears, weak-minded enough to allow Dr. Filippo Filippi to take his departure.

Watson's Art Journal says:—

"Among the crowd of musical *on dits* floating around just now, no one is so astounding, or incredible, as that which asserts the engagement of Mlle. Nilsson, the present *furor* in Paris, for a concert and operatic campaign in the Northern States. That confidently exploited rumour, gives her an engagement by a very celebrated 'operator' in fancy articles of all descriptions. She is to receive one hundred thousand dollars for one hundred performances. The question whether she is to receive gold or greenbacks in payment, is not definitely settled by those who exploit this *canard*; (?) but allowing legal tenders full acceptance by a foreigner, sufficient of the astonishment would yet remain to strike all other *prime donne* dumb, and fill their sweet hearts with bitter envy."

Adieu amen! Simultaneously with the circular to the theatrical managers, we perceive a decree by the Duke of Coburg, whereby the ballet is, on his theatre at all events, abolished now and for ever. The money hitherto spent on the corps is to be added to the salaries and pensions of the musicians and other *employés* of the theatre. The most remarkable thing about this reform is that the German press takes it up with unwonted warmth. We should not be surprised to see the anti-ballet movement spreading through Prussia, where, as it is, the vagaries of our stage in that respect would never have been tolerated. Let our managers look to it. People might take it into their heads to find that strange entertainment unnecessary and derogatory to the dignity of the stage, even of London.

M. Gounod, who passed the winter at Rome working at *Francesca di Rimini*, has now, we are told, returned to Paris to superintend the rehearsals of the new *Faust*, which, in its latest development, becomes a French "grand opera," or opera supplemented by a ballet. Appropriate ballet scenes for the new *Faust* at once suggest themselves. First, there is the *Walpurgis Night*, of which a good deal was made (Mendelssohn's music aiding) at Drury Lane in the adaptation of *Faust* produced two or three years ago. Then there is the apparition of Helen in the second part of *Faust*, upon which Heine based a whole series of ballet scenes in his *Mephistopheles*, originally designed for Her Majesty's Theatre. Heine went to the Scriptures as well as to the classics for heroes and heroines of the dance—King David was to have figured in one scene, and Salome, the daughter of Herodias, in another; but the ballet-master who is arranging the dancing scenes of M. Gounod's *Faust* confines himself to the "goddesses of antiquity." Three magnificent set scenes have been prepared for the remodelled work. The most brilliant of these represents the "Palace of Mephistopheles."

Mr. Boucicault startled us some time ago with the disclosure of the income a talented constructor of sensation dramas can realize. It would seem that subordinate branches of the profession are no less remunerative in degree. It appears from a case in the Common Pleas that the manager of the Alfred Theatre lets a box and ticket office for from £360 to £400; that the lessee's net profit is from £10 to £40 a week. The programmes yield a fair return on capital, selling from 3d.—lowest charge—to 2s. 6d.: from the price of a *Times* to that of a *Fraser* or a *Blackwood*. A solitary opera-glass ought to be a modest annuity to Mr. Hirschfield, who hires it out at from 2s. 6d. in the boxes to 2s. and 1s. 6d. elsewhere. His scale of charges for the same article to different classes of clients reminds one of Douglas Jerrold's innkeeper's soda-water—3s. 9d. a bottle to the rich, and 2s. 6d. to the working classes. Mr. Hirschfield's labour and responsibility in taking charge of coats is moderately recompensed by over £150 per annum. If these things are done in the green tree, what may not be done in the dry? Are charges in St. James's and in the Strand more reasonable than in Church Street, Edgware Road?

It is again reported that M. Auber is about to be made a senator. One could understand his having a title or any high mark of honourable distinction conferred upon him—not, however, that he needs it,—but what is he to do in the Senate? A literary senator, such as M. Sainte Beuve, has been in the habit of studying social and political questions, as well as purely literary ones; but such studies, though it is just possible that M. Auber may have pursued them, form no part of a composer's art, nor are they in any way connected with it. Of course, if the Senate were about to legislate on musical matters, M. Auber's advice would be invaluable.

As it is, his elevation to the Senate would only amount to the addition of another celebrated name to the list of members. The honour would be for the Senate quite as much as for M. Auber, whom no title, no official position can render more illustrious. The composer of *Mariha* is a count, the composer of *Don Desiderio* is a prince, the composer of *Santa Chiara* a royal duke; but considering that Count Flotow, and Prince Poniatowski, and the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg could not altogether have written an act of *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, or the *Crown Diamonds*, what, in the world of art, do their titles avail them? If M. Auber does become a senator, it is said that he will be succeeded by M. Ambroise Thomas as director of the Conservatoire, and by M. Gounod as conductor of the Imperial chapel and chamber music.

Some crusty fellow, with no "music in his soul," fired the following petulant squib at popular church music:—

"When four woodlarks are allowed to do all the singing in the forest, and four seraphs all the singing of heaven, then can our churches afford to depend for singing upon four persons who stand in the loft, with their throats yet sore from singing at the opera, executing their fugue tune, and torturing our good old hymns in the following style:—

We'll catch the flee
He'll take the pil
We'll catch the flee
He'll take the pil
We'll catch the flee—ting hour.

He'll take the pil
He'll take the pil
He'll take the pil—grim home.

Pity our pol
Pity our pol
Pity our pol-luted souls.

With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow—ow—ow before the Lord.

A little four-year-old girl attended church, and upon returning home her mother asked her if she remembered the text:—

"Oh, yes," said she, "it was this:—'The Ladies' Sewing Society will meet at Mr. So-and-So's house on Monday next.'"

And so wags the world—at least the world church-spiritual.

Somebody has been preaching thus in the *Plymouth Pulpit* (American):—

"There is a distinction between church music and secular music. In concerts and oratorios, music is for the æsthetic culture and amusement of men; and it is a very noble amusement—for amusement, properly taken, is noble. In concerts, if you wish to admire gymnastic facility, if you wish to hear played utterly unplayable passages—it is all proper! In a concert, singing six notes higher than the human voice can go is all right. Rapidity, merely to show how fast some things can be done, is well enough in a concert. You go for amusement; you go to have your admiration excited; you go for pleasure; and there is no harm in that. But in a church, display, for the sake of display, is simply *abominable*! Good-breeding is always in the direction of simplicity. You can always tell a new-made man, a man that has suddenly come to his manners, by a certain sort of officiousness and presentation of himself. There is a kind of declarative element in him. He is *showy*. By changing the office of the senses, a term has come to be used which is very significant as applied to such a person: as if the eyes that see these things, heard them, he is said to be *loud*. Frequently, in churches, every thing is keyed to the production of admiration—of what are called sensational effects. But nothing can be in worse taste in religion or in manners than this ostentatious unquietness, this kind of emphasis which is given, whether it be to conduct or to music. For music in the sanctuary of God is designed to excite states of mind which are religious, or out of which religion can easily grow."

The *Standard* of Feb. 19 thus refers to the performance of *Elijah* (on the 17th) at Exeter Hall, by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin:—

"According to the announcements it was the first performance this season of the *chef d'œuvre* of Mendelssohn; on that account it merits attention, but no less so were it introduced into the middle or at the close of any series of oratorio performances, for its presentation is always an event in the annals of the musical art. Time was when Handel had no compeer, no rival; when not even by his immediate and great successors (who carried almost every branch of the art to higher perfection) was his supremacy shaken in that department of composition which he had made his own, namely oratorio music. Thus Haydn, with all his fecundity of conception and facility of expression; Mozart, with his extraordinary musical gifts, the character of whose existence (according to Lamartine) was not that of a musician, but of music incarnate in a mortal organization; then Beethoven, with his superhuman mental powers and poetic temperament—each failed to impress on their sacred compositions that amount of religious fervour which characterizes all Handel's oratorio music; but this power of expression, denied to these great musical geniuses, was freely bestowed on the Protestant Mendelssohn, who, with his *Elijah*, entered the arena of honourable competition with Handel, and now shares his honours, so nobly won, and for so long gloriously preserved undivided. It is somewhat perplexing to the musical scholar to find that two composers so totally different as Handel and Mendelssohn should have been able to raise the mind of a listener, to the same high level of thought, and yet by widely different agencies. Handel's main strength lies in his magnificent use of the fugue style, of which the mighty choruses in the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt* are illustrations. Mendelssohn, on the contrary,

has ignored the advantage of the strict fugue style in his *Elijah*, and has not only sought, but has obtained, the requisite grandeur for his choruses by mere 'imitation' phrases, ornamented and coloured, however, in the most wonderful manner, with a skill of which his great predecessor, Handel, was totally ignorant. That like results, should proceed from different causes is only a proof of the power of music to express in varied numbers the highest emotions of the soul. That the oratorio of *Elijah* is regarded as one of the greatest creative efforts of the musical mind there is no denying, nor, that after the *Messiah* it forms the most attractive work presented to the public."

Herr Wagner, in a letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (translated in a recent number of the *Musical World*), falls foul of the Parisian wittlings, who for so many years have been attributing their own bad jokes, on the subject of fish, railways, German music, and other dissimilar things, to Rossini. Herr Wagner, however, is no wiser, neither is he more modest, than the Parisian wittlings. After reproving the dippant paragraph makers of the French *petits journaux*, he tells us with magisterial gravity that one day when he paid Rossini a visit the great Italian composer gave him to understand "that he believed he should have been better able to effect the real development of his powers had he been born and had he been formed in my country." "I possessed the gift of facility," he said, "and perhaps I might have done something." But a much smaller man than Herr Wagner had already gone very much further in the way of letting down Rossini while lifting up himself. Herr Wagner, at least, admits, in one part of his letter, that Rossini was the composer of the century, the composer in whom the tendencies of the century are reflected. M. Fétis, in the last edition of his *Dictionnaire des Musiciens*, declares that Rossini, after reading his *Esquisse de l'Histoire de l'Harmonie*, said to him, "If I had had you for a master, my dear Fétis, I should have been what is called a learned musician." Herr Wagner would have had Rossini educated in Germany; but, to have taken lessons from M. Fétis, it would have been necessary for him to inhabit Belgium. Perhaps, considering that he managed somehow or other to write the *Barber of Seville* and *Guillaume Tell*, it is just as well that he should have been born and bred in Italy.

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